

# The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3455.  
NEW SERIES, No. 559.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

[ONE PENNY.

## CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK...	577
LEADERS:—	
The Eucharistic Congress ...	584
Leo Tolstoy ...	585
ARTICLES:—	
Babylon and the Bible ...	579
Sun-Worship ...	581
Among the Golden Gorse ...	582
Tolstoy's Anarchism... ..	586
The City Roof as Refuge ...	588
MEETINGS:—	
The Unitarian Van Mission ...	589
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Hegelianism and Morality ...	587
THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN ...	583
NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES ...	590
OUR CALENDAR ...	590
ADVERTISEMENTS ...	590

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Eucharistic Congress was opened on Wednesday evening by a reception at the Westminster Cathedral, with gorgeous ceremonial, of the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli. Of the significance of this Congress we have spoken in our leading article, and only note here in the Pope's letter, appointing his Legate, which was read in the Cathedral, the Roman Catholic belief, very clearly expressed, that "the Divine Eucharist should be loved, worshipped, and partaken of, more and more, among the Christian people. It is indeed from the Eucharist, as from its source, that the spirit of the supernatural life is diffused over the whole body of the Church." The Cardinal Legate, in a subsequent address, expressed his thanks "to the great nation whose hospitality they were enjoying," and offered his respect "to the wise ruler of its destinies." He hoped that his presence on that occasion might help to bring about that true Christian peace which was to be desired above all things. By that "true Christian peace" in the mouth of a Roman Catholic, may we understand what the rest of the Christian world, if true to the spirit of its Master, would desire?

THE Third International Congress for the History of Religions opens at Oxford on Tuesday next, to be preceded on Monday evening by a reception at the Ashmolean Museum by Professor Percy Gardner, chairman of the local committee, and Dr. A. J. Evans. The Congress will meet in the examination schools, where the welcome on behalf of the University will be given on Tuesday morning by the Pro-Vice-Chancellor, the Principal of Brasenose,

and at 10.30 the President's address will be delivered by Sir A. C. Lyall. The programme is so arranged that no two addresses of the nine presidents of sections will be delivered at the same time, so that it will be possible to hear them all. In addition to these some 125 papers are to be read in the course of the four days, up to Friday afternoon, the nine sections, of course, meeting simultaneously. The presidential addresses will all be printed in full in the transactions, but most of the papers can naturally only appear in abstract.

As samples of the varied interest of the sectional meetings, the following papers may serve:—Mr. Edward Clodd on "Pre-animistic Stages in Religion"; Dr. J. G. Fraser, "Notes on Hebrew Folk-Lore"; Professor Hillebrandt, of Breslau, "What we may learn from Vedic Mythology"; Professor Loofs, of Halle, "Christ's 'Descent to Hell'"; Professor Deussen, of Kiel, "Materialism, Kantianism and Religion." Those are all Tuesday morning papers, and members will have to choose which of these (and there are others besides) they will hear. Among the Tuesday afternoon papers are Professor Anesaki, of Tokyo, "Honeu, the Buddhist St. Francis"; Professor J. Witton Davies, "Judaism and Christianity, their Relation"; Mr. I. Abrahams (Cambridge), "A Science of Comparative Religion."

THE names of the Presidents of the nine sections we gave last week in a letter quoted from the *Spectator*, we may add here at random a few more names of readers of papers: Professor Orelli (Basel), Professor Paul Haupt (Baltimore), Professor Lewis Campbell, Mrs. Rhys Davids, Professor T. C. Burkitt, Professor F. G. Peabody (Harvard), Professor von Dobschütz (Strassburg), Miss Jane Harrison, Principal Garvie, Professor Bonet-Maury (Paris), Professor Titius (Göttingen), Dr. R. H. Charles, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, Rev. A. J. Carlyle, Professor E. Montet (Geneva), and Professor L. T. Hobhouse.

IN connection with the International Education Congress, to be held in London (at the University Buildings, South Kensington), September 25-29, it has been suggested that on the previous Sunday, September 20, the moral education of the young might be made the subject of special sermons. Among those who have already agreed to carry out this suggestion are the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, Dr. John Clifford, the Revs. Morris Joseph, and J. Page Hopps.

WRITING of Tolstoy as artist and novelist in this month's *Contemporary*, Mr. Edmund Gosse concludes as follows:—"How Tolstoy will appear in the eyes of posterity it is, of course, impossible to say. But in the eyes of the contemporaries of his old age he seems the author of one elaborate novel of consummate merit, *Anna Karenina*, in which he has rivalled the first psychologists of Europe; of two romances of excessive length, *War and Peace* and *Resurrection*, in which the most brilliant qualities are found side by side with much that is tiresome, incoherent, and abnormal; and of a large number of shorter stories in which the author oscillates between an artistic probity of the most admirable kind and a deplorable, didactic charlatanism. He has magnificent powers of description, a certain grandeur in the portraiture of life, a power over detail which has scarcely been rivalled, but his ideas of construction are primitive, and his absence of logical consistency distressing. If we may hazard a prediction, there will be some pages of Tolstoy that will live for ever; but their effect will for some time be obscured by the circumstance that in the mass of his works there is, in Landor's phrase, 'over-much to pare away.'

THE plea for mitigation of the life-sentence of the hapless girl, Daisy Lord, which has been strongly urged by the *Daily News* and in other quarters, has been supported by the following resolution:—

"The women of the Leeman-road Adult School (York), numbering about 120 working women, wives and mothers, desire to express their earnest conviction that the further detention of Daisy Lord, condemned first to death, and then to a life sentence, for the murder of her illegitimate child under circumstances of great pathos and loneliness, is opposed to every sentiment of humanity and justice, and beg that she may soon be released." Copies of this resolution are to be sent to the Home Secretary, the members for York, and the Press. Signed on behalf of the above school,

MABEL HORNER THOMPSON  
(President).

THE *Daily News* of Friday, September 4, had the following letter from Dr. Horton referring to the petition for a reduction of sentence:—

"Sir,—We propose to have the petition to Mr. Gladstone in the church porch on Sunday next, morning and evening, and I hope to get many hundreds of signatures. For this, as it seems to me, is a case in which there must be absolute unanimity.



Every man, woman, and child in the country sees that the law, which proposed to hang this girl, and mercifully transmuted the sentence to penal servitude for life, is acting blindly. The firmest believer in capital punishment would not desire death for this unhappy child, the forlorn wastrel of the careless city and the busy age. But everyone who reflects will see that she is the subject for the pity and saving instinct of the community. Just so much imprisonment as may further her restoration, but not a day more, should be given. And then hands of mercy must be reached out to her, that she may be taught and helped and saved.

Would not the triumph of justice in her case be that she should become a good and useful woman, leaving the dead past behind for ever?—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT F. HORTON.

*Hampstead, Sept. 2."*

Dr. Horton had, however, to announce at his morning service at Lyndhurst-road Church, that by some mistake the petition sheets had not been received, and the opportunity for members of his congregation to sign had to be put off until next Sunday.

MRS. CLAY, widow of the Rev. John Clay, for forty years Vicar of Stapenhill, Derbyshire, who passed away on Sunday, August 23, at Millar Bridge, Ambleside, at the great age of 94, had memories which she prized very highly, of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge, and also of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, with whom she was once together on the Mediterranean. The following lines, "In Memoriam: Jessie Clay," by Canon Rawnsley, appeared in last week's *Guardian* :—

"You knew the Rydal poet face to face,  
You heard your shipmate Hallam—tale  
in hand

Told by the wizard of the northern land—  
Read to the later Laureate, and his grace  
Haunted you ever; Hartley's frolic chase  
And Faber's voice at memory's swift  
command

Came back; you saw the dalesman's  
sorrowing band

Bear Owen Lloyd to his last resting-place.  
Farewell! farewell! the four-score years  
and ten

With four more added, laid on you no  
weight

Who felt by Rotha's stream its youthful  
spell,

But, when Death called, you willing said  
'Amen.'

Painless you passed beyond the silent  
gate

To find unnumbered friends who loved  
you well."

The *Daily News* in a notice of Mrs. Clay, said that on January 1, 1835, Wordsworth wrote the following lines in her album :—

"Small service is true service while it lasts;  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not  
one.

The daisy by the shade it casts  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the  
sun."

The lines appear (with a different reading of the second line, "Of humblest friends, bright Creature, &c.") in Wordsworth's poems, as "To a child," written in her

album, 1834. Mrs. Clay would be twenty then, so perhaps Wordsworth wrote the lines first in a child's album, and repeated them in hers.

At the morning service in Trinity Church, Glasgow, to-morrow (Sunday), to be conducted as usual by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, an address on "The Social Doctrine of Christianity," will be given by Mr. William Temple, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Temple, who is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and was one of the speakers at the recent Anglican Congress, is to address a series of meetings in Scotland, September 11—24, under the auspices of the "Scottish Christian Social Union." The programme began on Friday afternoon, with a conference on "The Attitude of the Church to Social Subjects," Dr. George Adam Smith presiding. Mr. Temple is to speak three times in Glasgow on Sunday, for Dr. Hunter in the morning, to the St. Thomas' P.S.A. Brotherhood in the afternoon, and in the Barony church in the evening. On Monday he goes to Hamilton, then Perth, Aberdeen, Stirling, Edinburgh, Dundee, Greenock, Paisley, and Glasgow again on Thursday, September 24, when there will be a public meeting in the Christian Institute.

THE September *Calendar* of Trinity Church, Glasgow, gives the following account of the Scottish Christian Social Union, of which the Duchess of Argyll is the hon. president, and the Lord Provost of Glasgow the president :—"The union, formed seven years ago, is non-political and inter-denominational. It seeks to investigate the social and economic facts in the different departments of the national life, and to apply the principles of Christianity to the problems arising therefrom. (1) The Union has organised in Glasgow and neighbourhood, chiefly in Board Schools, nine Social Institutes, or Men's Clubs, where opportunities for social intercourse, recreation, and education are provided under thoroughly safe and wholesome conditions. After the initial expense is met, the Institutes are self-supporting. Classes on popular subjects have been formed, while concerts for members' families and friends are largely patronised. (2) Eighteen similar Institutes for Women and Girls have now been opened, which are, as far as possible, self-supporting. Attention is given to plain sewing, cookery, and sick-nursing, that girls thus trained may prove all the more efficient helpers in their homes. (3) A Guild of Play, to bring the children under refining influences, has already twelve centres, with an attendance of over a thousand children. (4) Through its executive, the Union seeks to co-relate (as far as possible) agencies already existing for social amelioration, that waste through unintentional overlapping may be avoided (already several church and other clubs have been affiliated). (5) The Parliamentary Bills Committee aims at furthering measures affecting social betterment. (6) The Entertainments Committee provides special counter attractions during certain seasons, such as at New Year Holidays, and the Fearing Markets. (7) The Sociological Committee arranges for lectures on subjects fitted to promote a more intelligent interest in civic

reform and Sociology in general. (8) The Publications Committee have issued several pamphlets on social work. (9) The Summer School of Social Study and the Farmers' School on the lines of the Danish High Schools, have accomplished useful work. (10) The Executive have been instrumental in promoting various Civic Guilds with a view to the adaptation in Scotland of the Elberfeld system. The Union has now very successful branches in Greenock, Helensburgh, Douglas, Dunbar, &c., while requests daily received indicate the need for developing this work all over the land.

On the whole, it is better to write letters to the paper urging some useful work or charity, or neglected privilege, than it is to write criticising those people who happen to be doing something. That is also the opinion of the Rev. S. Pollard, the Methodist missionary who has worked so long in China, and will probably soon be working there again. He says he has had two letters by one post, each speaking of a new tribe seeking Jesus. "Miao, No-su, A-wu, Wim-chia, Le-su, La-ka, and so the splendid list goes on." Then he asks, writing in the official organ of the United Methodist Church, "What are we going to do in the face of this great movement?" Are we to sleep on while China awakes and feels out for Jesus? We have one of the greatest opportunities which ever came to any church in any land in any period of the history of missions. And our church keeps silent and makes no move! How long, O Lord, how long! Our own opportunities and duties are very different from those of the United Methodist Church; we have but rarely found it our function to preach Christ where hitherto his name had been unknown. But when Channing emphasised for us the permanence and worth of human character, and the imitableness of Christ, he gave us hints of a mission as worthy as that which has come "to any church in any land." Those who best understand such a mission and best fulfil it, will be our greatest benefactors.

THE Wesleyan annual pastoral address issued some days ago, and read probably in all or nearly all the Wesleyan places of worship, abounds with excellent advice though necessarily couched in somewhat general terms. Perhaps the most touching exhortation it contains is this: "We urge you to keep alive the old solicitude for the means of grace. . . . The spirit of God who is the life of the means, honours their faithful use. Go until the heart returns which loves to go." There is a sort of confession of lost power in this admonition (if we read it aright), which will find response in other than Wesleyan readers. Perhaps the surest sign of the coming "revival," which many have desired, and some have too easily prophesied, is the wide-spread feeling in the Christian Church that somehow it has failed in its duty, and that therefore delight in worship has greatly lessened. Hail to the coming dawn.

BETWEEN destroying a thing and trying to form a just judgment of its real work, there is so vast a difference, that one



wonders the two are ever confounded. Yet it is extremely common to find well-disposed religious persons who cannot get away from the idea that the function of criticism is to destroy, not to appraise. Though most liberal Christians have long learnt the distinction, many of the conservative school still need to be reminded of it, and such a reminder recently appeared in the *Boston Congregationalist*:—"We often see the phrase 'Another Attack on the Bible.' It usually refers to some discussion on the authorship of a book or books in the Bible, or to some theory of interpretation of a portion of it. As thus applied the phrase is wholly misleading. Two men, having different views of the authorship, date of composition, or meaning of a portion of the Bible, may each claim to be defending the Bible, and accuse the other of attacking it. What each means is that the other is attacking his opinions about the Bible. The issue will finally be determined, if it is ever determined, not by the accusations, but by examination of the evidence on which the opinions are based."

THE Free Church Correspondence College has just issued its first annual report, from which it appears that there are a large number of persons of various ranks and walks in life who are glad to avail themselves of this system of religious teaching by post. Amongst those who profit by the system are many Sunday school teachers, candidates for theological colleges, and ministers who have not had the benefit of a college training. Workers of all kinds are by this means assisted to greater efficiency. Students are instructed in Biblical subjects, theology, sociology, and general literature. They are prepared for the London University's valuable certificate for religious knowledge. A bricklayer and a carman have taken courses in sociology. The tutors, who include some well-known theologians, are all experts in their own line. The college "does not pretend to ally itself with any school of religious thought, for its aim is not to furnish its students with ready-made views, but with the best material for forming those views." We are not in a position to say with what breadth of outlook this principle is adhered to, but clearly the scheme has considerable possibilities, and we have pleasure in referring those desirous of fuller information to the Secretary, Rev. George Dent, 19, Upper Bland-street, London, S.E.

A VISITOR to the annual show at Hollesley Bay Labour Colony gives a glowing account of what he saw there last week, and wonders why the Local Government Board has put obstacles in the way of its development. He recounts how a man who had been twenty-three years with the same firm was thrown out of employment by younger and cheaper competitors. His home destitute of furniture, his wife and children starving, the London Distress Committee found him and sent him to Hollesley a year ago. To-day he is described as "a broad-faced, rosy-cheeked man of forty, with spectacles and a scholar's stoop." Yet he was one of those who had gained the largest number of prizes for fruit and vegetable culture. Of the 80 men in the colony, only one failed

to obtain the requisite number of marks for the general appearance of his garden, and the care bestowed on it. The good conduct of the men is everywhere admitted in the neighbourhood. Mr. Lyell, representing the Central Unemployed Body for London, said in the course of a speech at the show that a man, his wife, and four children, could be supported by means of the colony for 31s. 6d. a week, as against £4 10s. a week at the workhouse. Mr. Justice Walton, in presenting the prizes, remarked: "People are beginning to ask themselves whether in the actual distribution of the fruits of industry the working man partner gets exactly his fair share."

OUR question last week as to Robert Collyer's first visit home in 1865, and whether he preached anywhere but at Mill Hill that year, has brought us the references for which we hoped. On Sunday, August 6, he preached in London for Robert Spears, at Stamford-street Chapel, and on September 3 in Manchester at the re-opening services of a little Mission Chapel, in Ford-street, Salford. The late Rev. T. R. Elliott, of Mossley, we are told, was living in Leeds in 1865, in the same street as old Mrs. Collyer, and actually witnessed the meeting of mother and son. Ward Beecher's paper, the *Independent*, had a note about this visit of Collyer's to the old country, telling of his congregation's generosity in sending him, and adding: "He left Yorkshire, England, 16 years ago, an unformed, raw boy, to seek his fortune in America; he goes back now an eminent and eloquent preacher, esteemed and beloved, not only by his own denomination, but by faithful Christians of every sect." Two years later, in 1867, his first volume of sermons, "Nature and Life," appeared.

MORE than one of our readers has asked what Dr. Tudor Jones meant by a reference in the fourth of his articles on "Closed and Open Pathways to Religion," (*INQUIRER*, August 29, p. 547), to "Professor Pfeiderer's late abandonment of his old attitude towards many religious problems," which Professor Weinell is said to have recognised in an article in the *Christliche Welt* some time during 1907. Dr. Jones is too far away to answer at the moment for himself, but we have looked up the reference in the *Christliche Welt*, and find that Professor Weinell contributed an article to the two numbers, July 19 and 26, 1906, in which he referred to the second edition of Pfeiderer's "Urchristentum," noting the changed attitude of this 1902 edition, compared with that of the first edition of 1887. Weinell's article is chiefly concerned to show the recent approaches of the two schools of thought, that of Baur, represented by Pfeiderer's progressive work, and that of Ritschl, and Pfeiderer's changed attitude he mentions with marked approval. It is simply that in the later edition his conception of early Christianity has more of historical reality in it than in the first, it is "richer and more full of life," his central point is no longer doctrines and principles, but persons and the powers and needs of life. This Weinell regards as a distinct advance.

## BABYLON AND THE BIBLE.

A LECTURE on this subject was given on Sunday morning, August 30, in the High-street Chapel, Warwick, by Mr. Ernest Sibree, M.A., lecturer on Oriental Languages at University College, Bristol. A full report appeared in the *Warwick and Warwickshire Advertiser* of September 5, to which we are indebted for the following account of the lecture.

Mr. Sibree gave at the outset an interesting illustration of the misunderstanding of the ancient Hebrew of the Old Testament by the Greek translators of the Septuagint version, and said that with our fuller knowledge of the language we had no such excuse. We know that the Hebrew is not a language standing by itself. We know that it is one of a family of some seven or eight members, and that out of this number the language to which the Hebrew of the Bible bears the closest resemblance is the language of ancient Babylon. Further, the discovery of the literary remains of that language preserved upon sun-dried clay tablets shows that in the matter of religion the Babylonians and the Hebrews held very similar views, and presented these views in almost identical language. We have not yet learned all that is to be known with regard to the relation of the Bible to Babylon, but apart even from the fact that the stories of the Creation and the Flood have their origin in Babylonian tradition, we find the Israelites looking to Chaldæa as the country whence Abraham, their father, migrated into Palestine. Now whatever may be said of the origin of the monotheism of the Jews, the monotheism of Abraham can only be accounted for on the ground of a Chaldæan origin, in spite of the tradition contained in the Koran. We read that Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees. Explorations in that country have brought to light the remains of this very city. Here there stood a temple to the Moon-god "Sin." The meaning of "Abram," Abraham's original name, is "Exalted Father," or "Father of exaltation"—a term applied to the Moon-god.

A hymn to this Moon-god of Ur of the Chaldees is preserved in the Library of Sardanapalus, written on a clay tablet or tablets. In style it resembles the best of the Hebrew Psalms. This hymn, however, is not an original work, but a translation from the Sumerian, the language of a people who were the earliest inhabitants of Chaldea, and from whom the Chaldeans or Babylonians acquired their religion and civilisation.

Mr. Sibree went on to explain, on the ground of this knowledge, the origin of the Sabbath, as connected with the moon-worship of Babylon, and only later associated with the seventh day—a worship which was very simple, without the use of images; and he then associated the early stories in the Book of Genesis with other phases of the year's course and the Babylonian signs of the Zodiac. Whether Abraham (he said) under his older name of Abram is himself the moon-god, as some scholars have supposed, or whether he represented in his true person the sect of moon-worshippers, who migrated from Ur of the Chaldees to Haran, we have no means of deciding. In any case,



it is a curious fact that the term "Father" is consistently applied to Abraham by the Jews, and the same term "Father" is the distinctive epithet of the moon-god in the hymn to which we have referred. Indeed, Abraham became something more than a mere historical figure. In the Jewish popular consciousness he became the lord of the future world, just as Osiris was lord of the future life among the Egyptians. It is Abraham who receives Lazarus and rejects Dives.

The discovery of the ancient Babylonian literature, a literature closely allied both in form and language to that of the Hebrews, has tended to throw considerable light upon the phraseology of the Old and New Testament. Thus the term "son of man" and "son of God" are respectively the secular and religious designation of every human being. The kings, therefore, were regarded as the vice-gerents of the national deities—their earthly representatives. Further, we continually meet with the phrase, "a man, the son of his god," from which we conclude that the Babylonian at least recognised that every one had a two-fold parentage. He was on the one hand the son of his mother, according to the theory of matriarchy, and on the other a son of the god of his tribe or city. We can see then how the doctrine of the virgin-birth might have arisen, where these two aspects of a man's parentage are considered. Such a view might be alien to Jewish thought, but it was certainly not so to the minds of the people of Babylon and Egypt. Now, although the Old Testament naturally exhibits by far the largest direct traces of Babylonian influence, owing to long contact of Judaism and Babylon in the years of the exile, and at a still later period, yet the New Testament shows unmistakable indications of a similar influence, not yet fully recognised.

No one reading the Bible for the first time would fail to be struck by the very marked distinction in style and matter between the Old and New Testament. The language of each part differs entirely from that of the other. The language of the Old Testament was Hebrew, that of the New Testament Greek. The gospel itself opens with the account of Baptism, an institution entirely foreign to the Judaism of the Old Testament. No one has attempted to show from the Old Testament that this rite was ever practised by the Jews. They knew nothing about its origin, and yet in the New Testament it is represented as a rite with which the whole of Judaism was tolerably familiar. The only source from which this rite could have been derived is Babylon, where there is the strongest evidence for its existence at the time of John the Baptist. At the present time there exists in Chaldæa a sect known as the Mandæans, whose religion can with the greatest certainty be traced back, without the slightest intermission, to that of Ancient Babylonia. This sect practises baptism as its chief rite, and this has been handed down from the time when the worship of Ea, the god of all the waters of the universe, was predominant in Babylon. Documentary evidence proves beyond all possibility of doubt that with the worship of this god was associated a rite in all respects

identical with baptism as practised in the early Church. We know, therefore, that at the time of John the Baptist religionists on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris were practising the rite of baptism or its equivalent. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that with the fall of Babylon the religion of Babylon ceased to exist. We might as well suppose that because Christianity had practically ceased to exist in Palestine, the country of its birth, that therefore all traces of it have disappeared elsewhere. The religion of Babylon, the worship of Marduk, was still a living force long after the fall of that city. Now we know that Christianity originated in precisely that part of Palestine most exposed to the influence of Babylon on the east, of Egypt on the south, and Asia Minor on the north. Through Galilee ran the great commercial route which connected these two important countries. Between Galilee and Jerusalem lay the country of the Samaritans, with which the Jews had little or no dealings. Christianity in its inception could have owed but little to Judaism; but, as it progressed, attempts were made to prove that it was a development of the Old Testament doctrine. Prophecies were forced and turned about in order to make it appear that Jesus was he of whom the prophets and psalmists had spoken, in spite of the fact that the whole tenor of the New Testament is at variance with that of the Old Testament.

The influence of Babylonian thought upon Christianity is, however, still more marked in the later stages of its development. The doctrine of the Trinity is, perhaps, more characteristically Babylonian than Egyptian in its origin. Certainly it is associated in the first instance with the rite of baptism, where it is used in the formula. Again, the whole teaching of the divine sonship, as enunciated in the Gospel of Matthew, and the fourth gospel, had long ago been anticipated by the Babylonians in their conception of the relation of their god Ea, to his son Marduk. "As the Father is so is the Son. What the Father knows the Son also knows." The Babylonian god, Ea, calls his son the substance of himself; the Christian creed says that the Son is of one substance with the Father. The god Marduk is sent by his Father to relieve the sufferings of humanity. Jesus is the great physician. He, like his Father, is the merciful one with whom is life. The resemblance between the Babylonian conception of the divine Father and Son and the Christian conception is too close to allow of the suggestion that either is independent of the other. We can only, in fact, conjecture that the Christian view is none else than the Babylonian view applied to the person of Christ.

But there are also traces of Egyptian influence in the evolution of Christianity. The association of the Madonna and Child with Egypt, where they are supposed to have sojourned during the persecution of Herod, can scarcely have had its origin otherwise than in the Egyptian conception of Isis and the young Horus. The descent into hell, of which the Greeks speak, and which is evidently apocryphal, is indirectly the Christian form of the Babylonian

descent of Ishtar into the underworld, or the Egyptian judgment of Osiris. In fact there is scarcely any important feature in the development of early Christianity which does not bear traces of Babylonian or Egyptian influence, Judaism could never have suggested the rite of baptism or the doctrine of the Trinity, two cardinal factors in the Christian doctrine. Their presence can only be accounted for by recognising the operation of Babylonian thought in the genesis of Christianity. The idea of the second person of the Trinity as the Creator of the universe, so forcibly expressed in the Epistle to the Colossians and the Book of Revelation, could never have been derived from Jewish sources. In comparing Christianity with Judaism it will be seen the former is far from being the direct outcome of the Judaism of the Old Testament. Rather it is the result of re-action of the best in the religion of Babylonia upon the best in Hebrew thought.

What we have seen, then, is that from first to last there has been in the history of the Bible a constant reaction on the part of Babylon upon the religions represented in that book. Nor is there anything in this view derogatory to Christianity, since it proves that what is best in religion is the most enduring part of it. Nor, again, does it imply that the Hebrew race had not the highest genius for religion. It would be unreasonable to suppose that because Greek art owed its origin to the art of Phœnicia and Asia Minor, therefore we are detracting from the excellence of the Greek genius in showing this to be the case. When we look at the works of Greek sculptors we do not think of the history of the sculptor's art, so likewise when we think of the Bible, and of the religion of the Jews and Christians, we do not necessarily contemplate them as standing in any relation to the contemporaneous thought of other nations. Their excellence alone is sufficient to absorb the entire attention. And yet without the knowledge that Christianity and the Bible stand in living relationship to the thought and life of the two great empires of the ancient East, Babylon and Egypt, it is impossible to imagine them otherwise than as having no historical reference whatever to humanity; or rather we should have to admit that the principle of evolution is inapplicable to the history of religion, an idea that no serious student of history would for one moment entertain. From the historical point of view, therefore, the religions of the Israelites, of John the Baptist and Jesus of Galilee, may be traced directly or indirectly to the early religion of Babylon, just as the religion of Osiris in Egypt can be traced back to its origin in Chaldæa. No study of the Bible can be complete without a knowledge of contemporaneous forms of belief in Babylonia and Egypt. Discoveries of new materials are constantly being made; the spade is unearthing in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates documents of the greatest historical importance.

What is required is that we should read the documents side by side with the Bible and the history of Christianity in order to obtain a correct view as to the position they occupy in the history of humanity. It is knowledge of this kind that is required



to counteract the superstition which regards the Bible as a miraculous document, and Christianity as a miraculous revelation, instead of the heritage of humanity. The darkness of such a superstition must sooner or later recede before the light from the East.

### SUN-WORSHIP.

In associating, as one usually does, the name of St. Francis with the ideal of poverty and the rigours of asceticism, we are often too apt to forget that he loved, with almost pagan intensity, the fruitful earth, and that glorious sun by which her beauty is created. It was not only because he preached the duty of self-sacrifice, and the sanctity of suffering, that he was greeted, on approaching an Umbrian town or village, with processions of blithe-hearted people, bearing green boughs and singing glad songs. Rather, one thinks, it was because these grateful people rejoiced in the fervour of spirit to which their own instinctive longings were akin, and which poured itself out in the rapturous *Canticle of the Sun*. "Praised be my Lord God for all his creatures," sang St. Francis of Assissi, "and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee." That was an evangel which all could understand, for it touched the very springs of existence, and gave a deeper sanction to emotions which are as vital to humanity as breathing.

And specially our brother the sun. . . . how is it possible to read these words without a responsive thrill, particularly if one has personal memories of the country where St. Francis lived and preached! With all our love of fresh air and outdoor pursuits, we English people are but half-hearted Zoroastrians, and it is, at first, with something like surprise that we find ourselves growing expansive in the golden glamour of the Italian atmosphere. But in quite a little while we get accustomed to the magic which steals through our veins like a wonderful elixir, tempering our Northern asperity with its fragrant warmth, and causing us so wholesomely to forget, while the holiday mood is on us, those cares which press most heavily on people bred in a harsh climate.

Half the woes of life seem to be obliterated when the air is full of sunshine, and in the radiant South one even comes perilously near forgetting that dirt and abject poverty are hideous wherever they exist! Perhaps, fired by the descriptions one has read of fair Italy, and filled with that insatiable craving for the picturesque which is the obsession of the tourist, one is only too ready when travelling there for the first time to see colour and beauty even in the rags of the ubiquitous beggar. As a matter of fact, these rags are often as filthy and unpleasant to behold as those of the human derelicts infesting our own large towns, but the wearer of them never seems quite as forlornly degraded by his misfortunes as his brethren in White-chapel or the slums of Liverpool. The question of food does not press upon him quite as heavily, for one thing, for he has a less bovine appetite, and a certain buoyancy of spirit seems to lurk behind his

affectation of melancholy, even when he is whining in his most dolorous fashion for *centesimi*. But, above all, he is a child of the sun, and however sordid his circumstances may be, he never loses that irrepressible gaiety of heart, that responsiveness to the pleasure of the moment, which is the inheritance of the Latin temperament. And surely it must be, too, that the beauty of his native land, of those cities which his patrons have often travelled thousands of miles to see, enters into his being, together with the sunshine, and contributes to his happiness—like the *insouciant* operatic airs which he so often hears on the lips of light-hearted singers in street or market-place, or the fumes of incense, and the gleam of silver lamps, of which he is dimly conscious as he slips into some quiet church to count his beads before the shrine of Our Lady. At all events, one would fain believe, especially when one is warmed and cheered after an inclement British winter by the glow and beauty of springtime in Tuscany, that joy is not hard to capture, even by the poorest, in a country brimful of light and colour.

In the blazing days of July and August, when streams run dry and the parched ground cracks beneath one's feet, when the gaunt mountain peaks take on an air of aching sterility as they rise into the burning air, and people crawl like flies from one place of shade to another in the *piazas* of the great cities—one may be excused if one abjures the worship of the sun-god in the intense desire for a cool, gray day. But until the heat becomes excessive, one can never be thankful enough for the long hours of unwavering gold which make one content merely to draw breath in an atmosphere so conducive to the frank enjoyment of life. One almost grudges the hours spent in beautiful churches, galleries, and museums, while nature is painting her wondrously-tinted pictures in the brilliant world outside. Even in Florence, that treasure-house of old masters, it is difficult sometimes to tear oneself away from the delightful streets, so full of vivacity and colour, from the Lung Arno, where the leisurely promenaders all seem to have the river's sparkle in their eyes, from the baskets of the flower-sellers near the Uffizzi, heaped with violets and anemones, primroses and speckled purple flags, from the contemplation of Giotto's exquisite rose-flushed tower, and Brunelleschi's great ribbed dome, soaring into the heavenly blue of an Italiansky—to study the faces of Filippo Lippi's angels, lovely as they are, or the dreamy Virgins of Botticelli. Afterwards one realises that the sunshine is not all outside those cool, vaulted chambers, where the modern world comes face to face with a conception of art and life so utterly alien to its own. It has, indeed, worked itself into the pure and vivid colours which time is unable to dim, into the rosy flesh of many an infant Christ, into the luminous eyes which meet our own with such a challenging air as we gaze at portraits of men and women dead these hundreds of years, into the delicious landscapes which form the background of the Adorations and Annunciations, into the garlands of flowers so tenderly painted by those who could not

forget the loveliness of nature even when they were occupied in depicting the sufferings of the saints, into the gilded haloes and gorgeous jewelling of robes and armour so significant of that passion for splendour which characterised the age of the Lorenzos. But, when Primavera is shaking out her orchard-blooms under the "olive-sandalled Apennine," one feels that it is almost an affront to the spirit of joy to be anywhere within four walls. One *must* go out into the dazzling sunshine—to wander round the Baptistery, if you will, and examine the delicate mouldings of Ghiberti's famous doors (which, Michael Angelo said, were fit to be the gates of Paradise), or climb up above San Miniato to the great bronze David, and look down over the crowded roofs of Florence, or beyond the windings of the Arno, to Monte Oliveto and Vallombrosa.

One worships the sun in Italy, and very often in order to do this more completely, it is as well to shut up the guide-books, and surrender oneself to the spirit of joyous adventure, which will give one many glimpses of "eternal beauty wandering on her way" if one will but do her bidding in humbleness of heart. She will tell one a great deal, also, about the work of men's hands, and the "labour of the teeming brain," for in this fair country which the world in general seems to regard merely as a daintily-bound volume of romance full of brightly-coloured pictures, are evidences on every hand of the human toil which has invested nature with a loveliness greater than that of which even she had dreamed. The cloud-capped mountains and nestling woodlands, the savage ravines and rushing torrents, the rounded hills and peaks of snow, the yellow cliffs by the sea and the leafy promontories stretching out into green-bosomed lakes—these are her handiwork alone, and cannot be matched by her "children of a day." But the fertile plains and homely farmsteads, the valleys seamed with cornfields and vineyards, the stony slopes planted with silvery olive-trees, the red roofs clustered round village churches with their open belfries, no less than the historic towns with their marble cathedrals and palaces, enriched with superb art—their gleaming bridges, and wonderful gardens such as poets might visit in their dreams—these are the result of man's labour and aspiration, and as such very precious in our eyes. For our hearts are warm with love, and it is the human struggle that draws us together, whether we toil dourly in a cheerless climate, or blithely in a land of radiant skies, where the sun turns everything to beauty.

LAURA ACKROYD.

ARRIVED aloft, he finds himself lifted into evening sunset light. The mountain ranges are beneath, and folded together; only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in the solitude. No trace of man now visible. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness.—

Carlyle.



## AMONG THE GOLDEN GORSE.

SARK, APRIL 20, 1908.

A STRONG northerly wind was blowing, and the air was cold, but it was quite warm in the sunshine. I wandered down a lane from whose grassy banks the glossy golden stars of the lesser celandine, pale primroses, and blue scentless violets turned their faces to the life-giving rays. A brimstone butterfly flapped lazily along the hedge, and as I passed I heard a jolly, good-tempered humble-bee singing to himself among the polyanthus, daffodils, and wallflowers in a cottage garden. Nature was beginning to wake up, all living things felt the influence and magic of the spring.

From the fields on either hand the larks rose trilling to the cloud-flecked blue, and a busy blackbird hopped along the road and dived into the hedge.

The road led to the sea, as all roads do if you follow them far enough; between the curving slopes of two hills, I could see the waves sparkling in the sunshine half a mile away. The freshness of the sea came to me on the brine-laden air. I drew it in through my nostrils, and thanked God for it. The road twisted and dipped past a treeless field where the sheep cropped the short grass. I climbed a stile, glad to be alive that breezy April morning, and followed a winding path to the cliff's edge. What was it crowned them with gold and glorified the distant downs with splendid colour, brighter than the celandine, more beautiful than any jewellery made by man? The wind blew a sweet cocoanut-scented whiff to me, and I knew it was golden gorse. It is said that Linnaeus fell on his knees and wept for joy when he first beheld an English upland yellow with its bloom. But to me it was a note of joy sent to complete the harmony of a happy day. In a few moments I was among it, shoulder deep, in the prickly, aromatic, scented clumps. I forced my way through them till I found a nook, sheltered from the cold wind by thick bushes and the sun-warmed rocks, and sat on the soft grass to breathe the invigorating air and watch the sea that lay two hundred, perhaps two hundred and fifty, feet below me, idly lapping round the rocks, sending up flying wisps of spray, and breaking in long lines of silver foam on the pebbles in the bay, as it chanted a song as old as the world, as young as yesterday; a mysterious music that no man who loves can fathom or ever grow tired of.

I watched the shadows of the clouds skim across the ever-changing yet ever-changeless waters, great moving plains of colour, grey and opal, sapphire, deep green and blue, or purple where the rocks, dark with seaweed, showed near the surface. The smoke of a steamer trailed above the horizon, where the piled clouds, lit with sunlight, marched before the wind. To my right and left the beetling cliffs, moulded by the slow processes of nature, or upheaved by some volcanic eruption to fantastic and rugged shapes, fell away to the sea. Within their gloomy clefts and caverns the dark shadows lurked, but their higher points and projecting surfaces were bathed in the clear

sunlight. The sea-gulls flew to and from the rocks, circling below me; they seemed to float, rather than fly, through the liquid air. Two or three black cormorants flapped out to sea, settled on the waves, and floated lightly and buoyantly on the flowing waters; one of them stood on a peak like a sentinel, and although I watched him for more than an hour he did not move. When the cormorant flies, with his long neck stretched out he looks as if he were moving backwards; he is a clumsy fellow compared with the sea-gulls. It is a joy to see them fly. I have watched them for hours following in the wake of the steamer when I have been on a pleasure trip, and I have watched them from the cliffs, and the more I do so the more I marvel at the perfect way, so natural and so effortless, in which they wheel and circle, or follow the fastest steamers across the sea. It is the poetry of motion. One looks up at them from the deck, and wonders how they can, with a few careless movements of their strong, beautiful wings (for the most part their wings are still, and they seem to glide after the ship), fly at the pace they do. And now I was watching them from above. They stood on the rocky ledges in pairs, or floated lazily on the water; every now and then they opened wide their yellow bills and sent a quick reiterated chorus echoing among the crags.

Nature is full of joy and strength and happiness. They err greatly who think otherwise. The birds were enjoying themselves, their cry sounded to me like laughter, and the waves were dancing merrily in the bay. A few hours before I had seen the sea storm-tossed beneath the moon, the great waves tumbling to and fro in the mystic light. I was on a steamer, and every few moments the sharp, stinging spray had been dashed against my face. I had watched the first grey and pearly lights of the dawn steal across the east, and the pale sun rise through rose-coloured clouds, while the moon sank slowly in the west. In the strange half-light the sea had looked wonderfully beautiful, as the pale green waves, crested with foam, rose and fell in great hills and valleys of moving water as far as the eye could see. And now the blue sea laughed beneath me in the sunshine.

Was there no lesson to be learned from this vision of sea and rocks and sky? Of what use was the strength and beauty of it all if it held no meaning? There was power behind each orderly wave that rolled in on the pebbles; power in the grim grey rocks, power in the wonderful mechanism of the sea-bird's wings, so perfectly designed for flight; power behind the strong wind that wafted the vapour-laden clouds across the blue. A strength not man's strength, a skill other than his here. But besides power there was order. The waves that seemed so lawless obeyed that law, the careless winds blew from the east or the west as it was ordained, the birds that seemed so free followed nature's commands, or perished; nothing was without purpose, nothing without meaning. The more one studies nature the more one feels certain of this. But besides power and order

there is something higher and better, a thing men call love, and where there is love there is joy. Joy in the clean swoop of the sea-bird. Joy running like a silver thread through the trill of the skylark's song. Each flower and bird and happy moving thing had its share of life and happiness. Richard Jefferies once wrote, "The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live." All else he thought was illusion or mere endurance. He was partly right. It is the great primeval things, the sky, the earth, and the sea, that mirror forth most clearly the power and the love of God. "The hills purify those who walk on them," and the strong sea wind that brings health to the body brings health to the soul as well. But Jefferies was only partly right; perhaps to a man of his temperament it was impossible to find joy apart from the beautiful; but a greater than Jefferies, who loved the birds and flowers as much as he did, found the love of God, which is joy, in the dark corners of the earth, and knew that its temple was the heart of man.

As I lay thinking and resting on the cliff's edge, a neat little bird, with greenish grey wings and back, and a lighter coloured breast, swung himself from spray to spray, and fluttered to and fro among the brambles and dead bracken as he hunted for insects. I lay quite still, and he did not seem afraid, but hopped about quite close to me. I felt that he was happy, and the flowers that grew on the grass, clumps of sea-pinks, and white sea-campions were enjoying the air they breathed.

I did not want to rise, it would have been well to lie there for ever in the sunshine with all these happy living things round me, but it was not to be. I saw a red-funnelled steamer rounding the headland, and knew I must go. Half an hour later from her deck I watched, slowly receding from my view, the steep cliffs crowned in the sunlight with golden gorse.

J. W. NORGROVE.

WHILE many other men in their business transactions keep only just within the limits of the law which is administered by human tribunals, let Christian men be governed by the rules of a diviner equity. While many other men do public work as long as they are honoured for doing it, let Christian men go on doing it whether they are honoured or not, accepting it as the service to which God has appointed them. While many other men are quick to take offence, and leave the committee of a hospital, or cut off their subscription if their personal importance is not recognised, let Christian men rise into a clearer heaven, far above these petty personal interests, and work and give for Christ's sake. While many other men concede grudgingly the honour which is due to the work which has been done by those with whom they are associated, afraid that their own merits might be forgotten if too much were ascribed to their colleagues, let Christian men be prompt and generous in acknowledging the services of others and leave their own services for a diviner reward.—R. W. Dale.



# THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## ALONG WITH THE SHEEP.

EVEN summer nights can be chilly, as I realised recently in a wakeful hour, so pulled my blanket up over my shoulders and closer round my chin; but sleep, having beaten a retreat, was tardy in being won back. So I fell a-thinking until thinking drifted into dreaming, and where the thinking ended and the dreaming began I cannot say, but it was of sheep I thought and of sheep I dreamed. Perhaps it was the warmth of the wool against my cheek that turned my mind that way; I believe it was. And I began conscientiously to picture a flock of sheep going through a gateway, and to count them as they went, since that is an approved method of getting yourself to go to sleep. Anyhow, it did not answer; it never does with me. Two sheep rush through at once, and I get upset in my count; or I think for the moment of something else, and then discover that the sheep have been passing unnoticed. So I am at a deadlock; the sheep have gone, but sleep has not come.

More often I have found myself saying over, as of yore, Blake's verses:

"Little lamb, who made thee?"

And as I have never yet tired of this, that "little lamb" has before now coaxed me into slumber. Not so this time, but all the sheep and lambs I had ever seen or read about seemed bent on visiting me and browsing on my blanket. Lincolns and Leicesters, and white-faced horned Dorsets and Exmore sheep with horns turned gracefully back instead of being twisted in front of their eyes, and plump, yellow-wooled, black-nosed, and black-legged Southdowns, and lively long-tailed mountaineers from Wales, and so on—I can't recall them all—and Krag the Kootenay ram, the King of the race.

Then I saw a very small boy in an orchard where a pet lamb was nibbling, and somehow I knew that the lamb, which had been petted until it was a fat, lumpish sheep, had of late grown skittish, to correct which vice the very small boy had sallied out in his silver helmet, armed with a hammer. He reminded me of Bishop Odo, who fought at the Battle of Hastings with a heavy iron club so that he, being a Christian priest, might not be accused of shedding blood. The challenge was uttered; the big, woolly pet lamb looked up, put down its head again as it rushed at the knight of the silver helmet, and the tournament ended abruptly.

And then I was away up on the Downs on a sharp day in February. What is this neatly built camp walled in with hurdles plaited with dry gorse and straw? It is the lambing fold. It is a kind sight to look upon, to look over the thick, wind-proof pallisade into the nursery of bleating ewes and strangely capering, long-legged, black-nosed babies, while the good shepherd moves about through the thick carpet of straw replenishing the troughs with food for the patient mothers. There will be some of the hardest of weather yet, shaving these bare hill-tops like a razor, but between the straw walls and their mothers the lambs will be safe.

"Little lamb, God bless thee!"

And there's the shepherd. A noble race

are the shepherds, and have been since the world began. I shall not soon forget being overtaken once on those same "bare slopes where chasing shadows skim" by a snow squall in March. I saw a flock not far away browsing on the short grass; I heard their sweet, dull, tinkling bells. I was going up the combe towards them, when a blinding squall of fine snow shut everything out of sight. I trudged on and up in the teeth of it, and just as I got on the sky-line of the ridge I made out something dark in front of me like a great stout post. Next moment I had reached it, and found that it was the shepherd, standing motionless, leaning on his crook. He was a grand figure, tall, black-bearded, and with a face like Jupiter. He had a rough, loose cape over his shoulders, but no gloves on. I stood chatting with him until the squall had passed. He seemed quite at his ease. He was not inclined to talk, but was ready to answer my questions, and so told me the story of his day's life with his flock. Up long before sunrise, sometimes up all night—bitterest, wettest, wildest of nights, too. And up here most of the day. Cold? He smiled at the idea. "I never felt cold in my life," he said.

And then, as though by contrast, he and his snow-hidden flock gave place, and I found myself at the foot of another such hill on a morning in May—such a May morning as there can be at its brightest and freshest. It was shearing-day at the manor farm. I had heard the day before, so came over on purpose, and now went down the yard to the barn where the shearers were already at work. I stood at the open door and watched them. There were half-a-dozen men clipping away busily, each man bending over a sheep as it lay on the floor of the barn. The headman—a big, powerful fellow with genial face and grey hair and beard—sat nearest the door, and by him his second, a younger man with red beard. They were companions in arms, these six, and went about from farm to farm throughout the district round, shearing the sheep. There were four hundred here—a two days' task. That was good work. Tom, the shepherd's boy, kept the shearers supplied with sheep from a pen at the back. Every animal as it was divested of its coat was set free and scampered out into the yard, looking scared at its own angular nakedness, and wondering how its real self had got exchanged for this ugly gaunt shape. At the back of the barn, suspended between two posts, hung what might have been taken for a giant's hammock, in reality the huge woolsack, opened down one side, into which the fleeces were packed as tightly as possible by the shepherd, who also sewed up the sack as it became full and weighed it; but as it hung there between the posts it made a grand swing into which the two children of the farmer were tumbled in delight.

You have heard of mares' nests, I expect; perhaps you have found one. I have found several. But do not go out of your way to search for them, as there is never anything in them. I only mention them here because I am reminded of them by the thought of sheep's nests, which are much more interesting, and commonly contain live sheep, one or more. Sheep's nests are to be sought for on the mountains.

There, at any rate, they are by far the most numerous; for sheep, you know, are really mountain creatures, and they naturally feel most at home and disposed to pursue their primitive habits when they are up on the hills. On a steep slope or against a bank the nests are built. Having pitched upon a suitable spot, with a fine view almost invariably, the animal will paw out the earth until, in course of time, not all in one visit or even in several, it has formed a level platform with a crescent-shaped back where it can lie, when it will be protected sufficiently from wind and rain or in a slice of pleasant shade. Such are the sheep's "nests." These, too, I saw on the mountains that rose above my blanket; and the sight was grateful, for I, too, was on the mountains where the wind was fresh and the sunshine clear, and one sheep and another, hearing my footfall, took the alarm, hurriedly vacated its retreat, and bounded down the slope.

And then there are the dogs. One afternoon I stood watching a shepherd preparing to give his flock their daily feed on lucerne, which is a kind of clover. There was a large patch of this fenced round with hurdles, and it was the shepherd's daily task to move back the hurdles along one side so as to allow the sheep to nibble off a fresh piece. While this was being effected and the hurdles removed the sheep came down the neighbouring slopes, some of them dancing down in evident glee; but when they had reached a bank about fifty yards off they stood still in a straight, compact line, gazing alert and with longing at the now unprotected lucerne, but not daring to move a foot. Why? The shepherd forbade them not, but went on unconcerned with his work. No barking dog frightened them back; but a silent motionless dog did, as he lay in the middle of the open space between the flock and their supper, his gaze directed steadily towards them. Presently the last stake was driven in, the last hurdle fixed. The shepherd turned towards the dog and said, very quietly, "Come!" The grey, shaggy dog got up and trotted to his master's feet, and the moment he did so the sheep swept forward down the slope in a headlong charge, like a squadron of cavalry on Salisbury Plain. I have never seen a more perfect instance of quiet control. Who keeps a dog like that in his heart has a trusty servant.

And forthwith I saw in my mind's landscape other shepherds and shepherdesses too. There was David with a harp in his hand, and while the sheep fed he played and sang to himself, under a tree on a hill within sight of Bethlehem. And there was Giotto, a ruddy, bright-eyed, curly-headed boy, drawing sheep on the rocks with a bit of chalk. And there was Joan of Arc, leaning against a great beech-tree on the edge of the forest of Domremy. She was resting her chin on the top of her crook and gazing straight before her into the wide, lovely, visionary distance, and her sheep were resting in the shade of the tree all around her. And there was another Good Shepherd climbing down the rough and dangerous rocks; he was carrying a lamb with his left arm against his bosom, and away in the valley below I heard the bleating of a ewe.

H. M. L.



# The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

## To all parts of the World:—

	s.	d.
PER QUARTER ... ..	1	8
PER HALF-YEAR ... ..	3	4
PER YEAR ... ..	6	6

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken.

Advertisements should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex Street, Strand London, W.C.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

AFTER the "Pan-Anglican" the "Eucharistic Congress" of the Roman Catholic Church. For the former, close upon 250 bishops and archbishops of the Anglican Communion from far and near were gathered together, and this week for the great Roman festival there are in London over a hundred archbishops, bishops, and abbots, together with eight cardinals, including Cardinal VINCENT VANNUTELLI, the Papal Legate.

These two great and imposing demonstrations must have their interest and their lessons for us all. Remembering especially the exclusive claims of the Roman Church, it is well to set the two side by side and to regard them both in the light of other world-wide facts of religious experience in which the Spirit of Truth bears witness against exclusiveness and pride in any Christian communion.

The Eucharistic Congress, of which the nineteenth annual assembly is being held in London this week, met first at Lille in 1881, and subsequent meetings have been at Avignon, Liège, Freiburg, Paris, Antwerp, Jerusalem, Brussels, Lourdes, Rome, Metz, and elsewhere, but never before in this country.

The object of the Congress is to demonstrate to the world the power and beauty of the Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and to deepen the faith of believers in it. "From the very first," says Mr. W. S. LILLY in the *Dublin Review*, "it has been the life and light of the faithful, the act of worship, the supreme function of religion, the bond of unity, the one thing needful." "The Holy Eucharist," said the Bishop of NEWPORT in a Pastoral referring to the Congress, "by the institution of JESUS CHRIST, is the very life-blood of Christianity. The Eucharist is the bond of Catholic unity, the secret of Catholic resistance to the world and the Demon, the great fountain of the soul's life and strength and a constant reminder of the abiding presence of JESUS and of the reality of God our Creator and last end."

Thus the programme of the Congress has provided for the celebration of Pontifical High Mass on three days in the Westminster Cathedral, and for other imposing ritual, while the Congress itself has considered various aspects of the subject, and there have been great meetings in the Albert Hall.

Whatever one may think of the character of the religion thus expressed, one cannot refuse respect for this, as for any other form of earnest faith; and we must wish for the members of the Roman Communion, as for all others, the privilege of liberty and an undisturbed exercise of their religious functions. Our one desire amid the multiplicity of religious forms is that Truth should prevail, and that will most surely be where there is charity. And thus also we shall be most sure of a just judgment: "By their fruits shall ye know them." There was great excitement in this country in 1850 when the POPE once more appointed Roman Catholic bishops to English sees, and thus re-established the hierarchy on the same ground as was covered by the Anglican episcopate. But the wisest advice was that given by one of our own teachers, JOHN HAMILTON THOM, in a sermon on "Ecclesiastical Pretensions, Romish and English," in which he set forth the self-consistency of the overbearing claims of Rome, in contrast with the Anglican position, and concluded:—"I hope that the lesson of this time, so far as we can insinuate and instil it, will be in the direction of that true and primitive Protestantism which seeks salvation through the heart's trust in a holy and regenerating Love; which asks only to bring God and His revelations into any real communication with the human soul; which sets aside the debateable letter of all creeds, to enthrone the indubitable spirit of CHRIST; which deposes all pretensions to authority or infallibility, as alike evil and dangerous; which substitutes an attainable unity of affection for an unattainable and undesirable uniformity of thought; and, believing that truth is soonest found when left to shine by its own light, and that error is least noxious and most transitory when the liberty both to proclaim and to question it is unlimited, leaves the agitation of opinion free, in the faith that man's spirit has a natural alliance with God's Truth, and that as the good seed grows and fills the soil, every plant which our Heavenly FATHER has not planted must necessarily perish from around it. Therefore, 'Let them alone.'"

While those wise words represent our own attitude, it is well, in view of this week's demonstration, that we should clearly understand what there is in the Romanist's mind, both with regard to the Sacrament itself and with regard to the claims and ambitions of the Roman Church in this country, and their reading of our

history. To this end we quote the following concluding passage of a leading article on the Congress which appeared in last week's *Tablet*:—

"There is another point of view from which the Eucharistic Congress may be regarded, for is it not in some sort the public and official return of Our Lord to England? Three centuries ago the powers of evil burst over the land with intent to destroy His reign, a reign that had lasted so many centuries, and had adorned the face of the country with the noble minsters and cathedrals erected and enriched to be His sacramental dwelling places. And what did those evil forces chiefly attack? The two most fundamental truths of the faith—the Roman Pontiff and the Divine Eucharistic Presence. By driving away the POPE, the sheep were left without a guide, and by breaking down the tabernacles and destroying the altars, they were left without food. But JESUS, our Bread, has already stolen back into the country. He is present in hundreds of churches and oratories all over the land. And now, by the Eucharistic Congress, He will declare His presence, will manifest Himself to the nation, and will take formal and solemn possession of the nation. JESUS returned to England under cover of His Vicar. The re-establishment of the Hierarchy was the public and solemnly official return to England of the Roman Pontiff, who had been banished under HENRY VIII.; then was it, in 1850, that the Pontifical authority was publicly exercised in our country, and bishops of English sees by Papal appointment acknowledged and obeyed the supreme jurisdiction of the POPE; but the solemn public return of our JESUS Eucharistic has been reserved to the September of 1908, when the Papal Legate will by his presence proclaim that JESUS our Saviour, in the Sacrament of His love, once more reigns over the length and breadth of the land. The eyes of all England will turn towards Westminster in the week of Congress to learn the meaning of it all, to discover the magnetic power that can draw from distant lands such a vast concourse of clergy and people to meet in London, and they will discover that only one motive actuates all of them, one desire inspires every breast and enkindles every heart, and that is to praise, to thank, and to adore JESUS, our Eucharistic God; and then, indeed, to their vast amazement, our fellow-countrymen will discover that JESUS CHRIST, now, in this own day, resides in England, and may be found in every town and in many a valley, and on many a hillside, and that He waits to receive the homage of the English people."

This passage, with its strange materialism, we are inclined to leave without comment, save that we will add a verse from one of the hymns sung at the Congress:—

"O see! within a creature's hand  
The vast CREATOR deigns to be,  
Reposing infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.  
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and more."

If that is how they really regard the central truth of religion, if in their view the



"Eucharistic God" was driven out of England at the Reformation, and only "stole back" again when altars were once more secretly erected and the sacrifice again offered by the Roman priests, and now the presence of the Papal Legate is solemnly to proclaim that JESUS, the "Eucharistic God," reigns once more in England, and is to be found upon many altars (and may even be carried publicly through the streets)—what can we say but "Let them alone!"?

One of the Prelates taking part in the Congress is that Cardinal MERCIER to whom Father TYRRELL's book on "Medievalism" (reviewed in last week's INQUIRER) is addressed. As useful for appraising the worth of the *Tablet's* presentment of the Roman faith, we cannot do better than add one or two more passages from that powerful and searching reply to the Cardinal.

"Who can read the Gospel and not feel that its clear, quiet light is dimmed and broken with all this wire-netting of intricate theology by which we pretend to protect it from profanation? Since we own that theology can add nothing to it that binds our faith, that dogmas but render its implications explicit, why not be content with the simple, inspired, unelaborated expression of revelation? Is it not enough to believe what PETER believed?"

"One thing is certain. If, instead of wrangling over disputed questions about which we can know nothing, and of which it would not profit us to know everything, ecumenical councils had preached liberty in non-essentials; had rebuked the contentious spirit of theology; had recalled men to the simple revelation of the Gospel; had proclaimed crusades against slavery, dishonesty, intemperance, cruelty, oppression; had striven to purify and develop the Christian ideal of character, the face of the world to-day would be very different from what it is. Or, again—and here, for once, PIUS X. will uphold me—if men had always been able to look to the Bishop and Church of Rome for a living example of authentic Christianity, individual and social; if the Vatican had been always officered with apostolic men, like the early Christians or the early Franciscans, pre-occupied entirely with the salvation of souls, and not with an intriguing, worldly, often loose-living bureaucracy for whom centralisation meant money and influence, Rome might still possess that supreme spiritual authority which for centuries has been in abeyance—she might still be the salt of the earth and the light of the world; the abiding revelation of that new life made known to us in and by CHRIST" (p. 76).

\* \* \* \*

"Popes come and go; but this overgrown bureaucracy that exploits the papacy abides unchanged as to its spirit, its methods, its ends. Here we have a vast multitude of men for whom the centralisation of the Church of Rome means money and position; whose private interest it is to push the papal claims to their utmost extreme. With them the POPE can do everything; against them he can do nothing. They are the channel of

his communication with the Church, and nothing can pass from one to the other but through them and in the form most suited to their collective advantage. It is against this compact army of officials that the Catholic conscience is beginning to rise in indignation. For a time the personal integrity of the reigning Pontiff kept revolt in abeyance. But since the Montagnini revelations and other incidents have, to our shame, made public the methods and principles of our ecclesiastical government, the duty of a loyal, but now futile, silence gives place to that of protest and repudiation. Far from being rebuked, the Nuncio and his substitute have been honoured and promoted. And Rome imagines that she can still claim unqualified respect and obedience; that no apology or explanation is needed; that all her sins must be overlooked and forgiven in deference to her high official position!" (p. 165).

\* \* \* \*

"Those Modernists who put their trust in the spread of truth will labour in vain unless they first labour for the spread of truthfulness; nor are they faithful to their 'method of immanentism' if they hope for an intellectual before a moral reform. What would it avail to sweep the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries out of the house of God; to purge our liturgy of fables and legends; to make a bonfire of our falsified histories, our forged decretals, our spurious relics; to clear off the mountainous debts to truth and candour incurred by our ancestors in the supposed interests of edification; what would it avail to exterminate these swarming legions of lies, if we still keep the spirit that breeds them? In a generation or two the house swept and garnished would be infested as before. The only infallible guardian of truth is the spirit of truthfulness. Not till the world learns to look to Rome as the home of truthfulness and straight dealing will it ever look to her as the citadel of truth. It will never believe that the spirit of Machiavellian craft and diplomacy is the spirit of CHRIST. 'Can the same fountain send forth bitter waters and sweet?' " (p. 182).

#### LEO TOLSTOY.

THURSDAY was TOLSTOY's eightieth birthday. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* reported earlier in the week that he was too ill to hope to receive even his most intimate friends, and the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church has appealed to the faithful to abstain from all part in the celebrations in honour of an excommunicated heretic; but TOLSTOY does not ask or desire any outward honour, and no hostile authority of Church or State can disturb the serenity of his steadfast mind. He will be aware of the warm admiration and gratitude of the great company of those in many lands who have received from him the quickening of the better life, and in noble simplicity, so long as he has strength, he will continue to speak his word.

"On behalf of ourselves and a large body of our countrymen who, these many

years, have found your writings a source of high inspiration and delight," it is said, in the English birthday address, "we desire, on your eightieth birthday, to express to you, not only the affection in which we hold you, but also admiration of you as an author and as a moral teacher. The courage and single-heartedness with which you have set new and lofty ideals before the world, have won for you the love of mankind."

We must honour the absolute sincerity of TOLSTOY's mind, and the simplicity of his obedience. His example and his searching words are a challenge to all men, and to all churches, and especially to any who bear the name of CHRIST, to examine the grounds of their confidence, and to ask once more in the pure light of truth, what their duty is, and whether they are veritably seeking, in the words of another nobly simple man, to give "the utmost for the highest."

In his article on "TOLSTOY's Anarchism," Mr. PRIME quotes, from the reply to the Synod's edict of excommunication, his confession of faith. The same confession TOLSTOY has repeatedly made in varying form of recent years. One of the most striking of his shorter stories is that of the poor cobbler, Martin, "Where love is, there God is," and in the course of the pamphlet, "The One Thing Needful," written in the second year of the war with Japan, he said: "The essence of this teaching consists in this—that man is a spiritual being, similar to his source, God—that the vocation of man is the fulfilment of the will of this source, God—that the will of GOD is the welfare of men—that the welfare of men is attained by love; and that love is manifested by one's doing unto others what one wishes others to do unto him. In this is all the teaching."

TOLSTOY is a living protest against every form of oppression and cruelty, and he compels us with remorseless candour to look straight at all the hideousness of evil as it exists in our present-day life. His doctrine of non-resistance we hold to be a mistake, and not a true interpretation of the teaching of JESUS; even Mr. PRIME last week seemed to suggest that the only alternative to TOLSTOY's version of the gospel of love was "hatred and punishment of the evil-doer"; but the enforcement of law in a community is not necessarily "hatred and punishment," the law rightly interpreted is simply a needful common expression in the community of the inward law of right, an endeavour to establish God's law; and the true ideal of punishment is reform, in love and pity for the wrong-doer, exactly as in a family the restraint and wise punishment of children is an expression of the deepest and tenderest love. It is for such an ordering of our common life that we have to work, by a different method, it may be,



from that of Tolstoy, but in the spirit which is at the heart of all his teaching.

There are other points in which his teaching appears to us mistaken. We cannot think that he has grasped all the profound and sacred meaning involved in the natural relations of men and women in home life; to repudiate rather than to consecrate seems to be the outcome of some of his teaching. But even where we differ most strongly, we honour the sincerity and the utter unselfishness of a fearless teacher, and we gladly learn from his noble example, true to the inward light, the way of a more perfect obedience.

### TOLSTOY'S ANARCHISM.

TOLSTOY was a Nihilist and is an Anarchist. These are evil-sounding words in the ears of many people. But an examination of their meaning will help to clear our minds of popular delusions and, especially in regard to Tolstoy's anarchism, teach us not to suppose we know much about a thing because we know a name by which it and many other things are called.

We need not dwell long upon Tolstoy's nihilism, because he has entirely outgrown it, and his present anarchism is founded on its opposite. But when he affirms that before he reached the age of fifty-five years he had been a nihilist for thirty-five years "in the true sense of that word," he means that he had no religious belief. When he became an anarchist, it was because he had a religious belief and lived by it.

In reply to the Synod's Edict of Excommunication, Tolstoy stated in 1901 what his creed was in these words:—

"I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, as the Source of All. I believe that he is in me and I in him. I believe that the will of God is most clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus, whom to consider as God, and pray to, I esteem the greatest blasphemy. I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and his will is that men should love one another, and consequently should do to others as they wish others to do to them—of which it is said in the Gospels that this is the law and the prophets. I believe, therefore, that the meaning of the life of every man is to be found only in increasing the love that is in him; that this increase of love leads man, even in this life, to ever greater and greater blessedness, and after death gives him the more blessedness the more love he has, and helps more than anything else towards the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth—that is, to the establishment of an order of life in which the discord, deception, and violence that now rule will be replaced by free accord, by truth, and by brotherly love of one for another. I believe that to obtain progress in love there is only one means—prayer; not public prayer in churches, plainly forbidden by Jesus, but private prayer, like the simple given men by Jesus, consisting of the renewing and strengthening, in their consciousness, of the meaning of life and of their dependence solely on the will of God."

The process of his development from nihilism in regard to religious belief to a faith that changed the whole course of his life and thought he declares in these words: "I began by loving my orthodox faith more than my peace, then I loved Christianity more than my Church, and now I love truth more than anything else in the world." Up to now he says truth for him corresponds with Christianity as he understands it, and in the degree in which he holds to it he lives peacefully and happily, and peacefully and happily approaches death.

It should be remembered always in connection with Tolstoy that he repudiates any intention or desire that anyone should accept any belief because it is his. He teaches the truth which he perceives with great vigour, but requires of each man or woman obedience, not to his will or wish or teaching, but to those of God. No church or other organisation, no creed or book, and no teacher should stand between the soul and God. We are here to do the will of God, and His will can be learned by each one so far as to serve his present needs and show the service to which he is called.

However dogmatic and forceful Tolstoy may be in the form of his teaching, it is essential to remember that yet more positively and persistently he calls on all men to follow truth, not him. He objected to the formation of a Tolstoy society for the purpose of studying his works lest people should be led to try to believe things because he taught them, instead of concentrating on the effort to know God's will and to do it.

A profound faith and confidence underlies this appeal to worship God and serve Him only—the faith and confidence that each *can* know practically what is God's will and can set about the work appointed for him. But it is necessary to refuse obedience to all that attempts to set up as a substitute for the divine guidance, whether church, creed, or the law of the land. No person and no tribunal can be rightly obeyed which requires us to do what is contrary to the guidance of God—love, truth, right, or the measure of them that each in his present state is able to apprehend.

Government is, as Tolstoy perceives and continually says, founded upon force. Its subjects are compelled by fear of punishment to do what they otherwise would not do, or are tortured into obedience. In estimating the objection of Tolstoy to organised governments, or churches with the State behind them, we may well recall the character of the government of Russia, with which he chiefly has to do. Where there is really constitutional or democratic government, the evils of compulsion are manifestly less. But Tolstoy's anarchism is the denial of the right or good of any organisation of citizens or others which in the last resort will use force to induce submission to the will of despot oligarchy, or "the majority." Voluntary association or co-operation is not contrary to this anarchism. Only when the attempt is made to bring in dissentients, the minority, the "blacklegs," by some form of compulsion, not by the persuasions of an appeal to truth, brotherliness, love, but by outward force which cannot give nobler

vision and holier will, is association evil because not voluntary.

The essence, then, of Tolstoy's anarchism is that there should be no outward compulsion, in order that the guidance of God may be directly and fully followed. From outside the man—the child of God—may come many helpful influences so long as their purpose and method is to instruct and strengthen the will to do right, but no influence can be right and good which causes a man to do contrary to his own conscience or reason or other leading of divine light, or even forces him along a path for which he is not ready, though that path be such as another believes would be right for him. One human being is not fit to *judge* another, nor able to tell him authoritatively what is God's will for him.

The word "anarchism" brings to many minds visions of wild lawlessness, moral as well as legal lawlessness, assassinations, plots, and general infamy. And both excess and violence have been and are associated with all attempts at revolution which are driven underground by the suppression of free speech and free action and by cruel torture of political prisoners. This is especially true of anarchism in Russia, and there are intelligent anarchists who justify such methods. Not so Tolstoy. He sees and declares that it is utterly wrong-headed to adopt the same methods by which they are kept in subjection by their rulers. Force is no remedy; and the adoption by anyone, ruler or revolutionary, of these means only increases the sum of misery and wickedness. He may plead that in the downtrodden, tortured, and starved wretch at the bottom, driven into exile, deprived of home, peace, and human fellowship, there are excuses greater than for the powerful and official wretch at the top; but he justifies neither, and affirms emphatically that the only way to bring about a kingdom of love and righteousness, of true, honest, loving relationship among men as children of the same Father, is for each to live in peace and goodwill and fulfil the prompting of his Father.

Tolstoy's anarchism, then, is the denial of the right of any earthly authority to overpower or overawe any individual and in any way withhold him from the perception or practice of his religion. And "True religion is a relation, accordant with reason and knowledge, which man establishes with the infinite life surrounding him, and it is such as binds his life to that of infinity, and guides his conduct."

PRIESTLEY PRIME.

THE August Calendar of the Unitarian Free Church, Wellington, New Zealand, records the further progress of Dr. Tudor Jones's efforts for the Church Building Fund. The total promises reported in July amounted to £1,400; in August it was close upon £1,700, leaving another £600, according to estimate, to be secured.

THE best part of health is fine disposition. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet tempered.—Emerson.



HEGELIANISM AND MORALITY.

SIR,—When I read with warm interest, and, as I then thought, with substantial agreement, my much-esteemed friend Mr. Whitaker's eloquent address given in London last Whitsuntide, and noted the enthusiasm with which he emphasised the need of true discipleship to Jesus, I had not the faintest idea that in his opinion moral progress and the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth are effectually secured against all risk by the circumstance that it is never open to any man to act otherwise than he actually does, and that consequently the virtuous and the vicious alike are what they are because they have a determined place in a "fixed moral order." I was very far from supposing that "the rediscovery of the social consciousness" really meant the wiping out in the individual consciousness of the belief that it is open to us in seasons of temptation to side either with the cravings of our finite selves or with the invitations and injunctions of the incarnate and infinite God. So far as I can see, the new thought which is to revolutionise society, and of which Mr. Whitaker is the very able advocate, amounts to this, that our sins and the sins of others are simply unavoidable psychical events for which no one is really to blame, seeing that no one could have helped committing them; events which are quite indispensable to the well-being and development of the social organism, and are, further, very useful in adding greater picturesqueness to life and to literature. Had I suspected that Mr. Whitaker's address was intended to usher in a religion of this stamp (a religion with which, in my opinion, it would be hardly appropriate to associate the name of Jesus of Nazareth), I need not say that my estimate of the drift and value of this powerful utterance would have been different. I feel as strongly and warmly as my friend does that the philosophical and religious achievements of the present century will mainly consist in the fuller realisation of the social implications and imperative social demands of the Christian religion, but I have no faith whatever in the propaganda which starts with an attempt to undermine the natural intuition that we are justly blameworthy and accountable for the sins of which our consciences accuse us; and which assures us that it has been conclusively shown in Berlin and Oxford that all the crimes of personal and social injustice which human greediness and ambition have prompted and perpetrated are necessary factors in the fixed moral order of the universe, and, therefore, could not possibly have been left undone. For my own part, I feel no doubt that it is to Kant rather than to Hegel that the leaders of the coming social reformation will have recourse for the moral dynamic which will prove most effective in the great work of demolition and reconstruction which is now felt to be the most pressing business of our time by all the many persons in whom the Spirit of the Whole is finding clear and deep expression.

When I read in the newspaper the other day Dr. Clifford's grand address to the great Conference of "free-will" Baptists in Berlin—a Conference so strikingly instinct with life and spiritual energy—I

could not avoid the conclusion that it is in the religious spirit and in the philosophical faith there manifest that Christianity will prevail against the brute conservatism, the mighty vested interests, and the moral and spiritual indifference which now block the way to the fuller realisation of the Kingdom of God on earth.

But I am forgetting my friend's request that I will show him, if I can, any fact of experience in which "free choice" in the Libertarian sense comes in. He asks the following question:—"When a man's self is in the agony or the rapture of a great moral experience, is there not something vastly more in it than a 'choice'?" To this I have no hesitation in giving an affirmative reply. Nay, I will go further, and say that in such cases of "rapture" there is often no choice at all. When a Paul is carried away for a time by the entrancing idea that in Jesus as the Christ the salvation of the world is involved, or even when the listeners to a preacher of the right sort are engrossed by the charms of the moral ideal so vividly presented to them, they often quite spontaneously surrender themselves to an influence which, while it lasts, is so intensely interesting. If the whole of our moral experience were of this character, I am inclined to think that philosophers might explain it psychologically without calling in the exercise of any such thing as a power of free choice. But it is not chiefly in these seasons of moral and spiritual exaltation that the momentous moral decisions are made which really build up or degrade the character. The tug of war, the real struggle with the lower elements in our personality, does not generally come in until the high tide of æsthetic and spiritual emotion has ebbed, and the intense realisation of the beauty of the ideal has ceased to hold in transient captivity the imagination and the will. But wait till the emotional excitement has largely subsided, and the ideal is remembered simply as a divine and authoritative law which now is felt to be opposed to the re-awakened personal desires, passions, and ambitions, and then you will see the conditions realised for a genuine exercise of free moral choice. And it is because of these and similar experiences that man feels himself to be truly responsible, and that God sees in him a personality *in some measure other than Himself*, and therefore worthy of His eternal sympathy and love. The inspiring grace of God is an indispensable factor in this process of salvation, but the free choice of the tempted man is another factor equally indispensable.

Like many Hegelians, Mr. Whitaker seeks to give to man a certain dignity and responsibility by saying that "there is always the sense of the originating power and independence of the I, the Self (and this is the truth the Libertarian wishes to conserve)." I venture to say that the Libertarian would consider that, for ethical purposes, this truth is hardly worth conserving, if it simply means that man is a conscious being who evolves in accordance with his particular constitution, and whose moral and spiritual destiny—that is, his personal relation to the Living Ideal—and consequently his journeying to either heaven or hell, is determined not by any

free choice of his own that might have been otherwise, but simply by the operation of psychological necessity.

To the Libertarian who complains that, according to the Hegelian, his present ethical condition is represented as the necessary outcome of his past mental states, Mr. Whitaker makes the following reply:—"The past does not govern or determine the present, but the present takes up the past into itself, absorbs it, uses, and remakes it." I cannot say that I clearly understand this, even with the help of the quotation which Mr. Whitaker gives from Mr. Philip Wicksteed's most suggestive Essex Hall lecture. Can we, in Mr. Whitaker's opinion, so "remake the past" that the psychical past does not necessarily determine the psychical present? If we can't, I fail to see how Mr. Whitaker's remark at all avails to cast off that incubus of necessity, which, in the view of the Libertarian, presses with stifling effect upon the Hegelian account of man's ethical history. That Mr. Philip Wicksteed himself believes that the moral actions of every person "have a determined place in a fixed moral order," I cannot bring myself to think. He asks, "Have you faced, not only sorrow, but sin, and, obeying the mysterious mandate within, have you stood face to face with it and recognised that it is your mortal foe, and yet that it was sent you by the very power that bids you grapple with it and slay it or be slain by it?" If, indeed, the heroic (?) resolve to face and grapple with the mortal foe rather than slink off, and also all the vicissitudes of the conflict "have a determined place in a fixed moral order," I am very sorry for it, seeing that it takes all the life and interest out of my gifted friend's vivid picture of the encounter, and makes it into a very wooden affair; for every incident in the fight with Sin would be as completely necessitated as if the man were an automaton, and his final fall or victory in the struggle would be interesting simply as a complex problem of psychical dynamics.

Finally, I have to state my conviction that Mr. Whitaker is entirely mistaken if he thinks that it is not essential to the Libertarian view of man's moral freedom that human nature should be regarded as, on one side of its being, lying open to the Infinite. Every virtuous decision in a moment of temptation is an instance of choice between the gratification of the finite self and free self-surrender to the call of the Self-existent and Infinite One who partially reveals Himself in man's moral ideal. "But," says Mr. Whitaker, "the theory of 'free choice' too often seems to suggest that the soul would still have its 'open alternative,' even if it did not, on one side of its being, lie open in this way to the Infinite." It must be a very shallow theory of "free choice" if it suggests this; for it is because, and only because, the soul, on one side of its being, lies open to the Infinite that the absolute moral imperative becomes possible at all. Mr. Whitaker further says the Libertarian talks "as if God is *there*, and man *here*, and is able in and of himself alone to 'choose' good or ill."

I should think that all Libertarians hold that the conditions of free moral choice constantly depend for their existence on



the creative power of the omnipresent and infinite God; and so there can be no "here" and "there" in God's relation to His dependent creatures. If the living presence of God did not inspire the Ideal, man could not surrender himself to it. All that Libertarianism claims is that in the decisive act of moral self-determination, God, though His creative energy makes the choice possible, does not Himself determine the choice, which He beholds, and on which He, in the conscience, passes judgment. If Mr. Whitaker thinks that throughout man's sinful self-determinations God and man concur, I make bold to say that he is in direct opposition to one of the clearest pronouncements of our moral consciousness.

The quotation from Mr. Haldane's Gifford Lectures given towards the close of Mr. Whitaker's letter appears to me to be based upon an entirely erroneous conception of causation. All real causation is psychical or spiritual. Whether we believe, with Martineau, that our acts of self-determination in temptation are acts in time, or, with Kant, that they are "timeless acts," the only question of ethical importance is, *Could we have acted otherwise?* Kant and Martineau, in agreement, I think, with the spontaneous judgment of mankind in general, maintain that we could. If we could not, we are, I contend, landed inevitably in a form of Pantheistic thought with which the Theism of Jesus has no real affinity.

CHARLES B. UPTON.

### THE CITY ROOF AS REFUGE.

WE do not suffer in this country as they do in America from the great heat of summer, nor have we in our cities, perhaps, as many flat roofs as they, but the following article on "The Roofs of New York," by Mr. Frederick D. Greene, assistant general agent N.Y. Association for Improving the condition of the Poor, will be found of great interest in itself, and may prove fruitful of practical suggestions for us also. It is taken from the *New York Charities and the Commons* of Aug. 15. An opening passage on the subject of sensible dress for hot weather is omitted.

Just as, for many, the discomfort of the day might be greatly reduced by more reasonable dress, so it is possible to exchange a close, hot, debilitating night for one that is cool, quiet, and refreshing by simply sleeping on the roof. In New York, as well as in many other cities, there are whole square miles of flat roofs without a single occupant, while beneath them human beings are packed more densely than anywhere else on earth. Many of these cities are centuries behind certain "barbarous" lands where the population is wise enough to take to the roof *en masse* in hot weather.

The fact that New York roofs would not accommodate all who have been allowed by social negligence to herd under them to a degree that no intelligent breeder of hens or cattle would permit, is no reason why we should not at once turn to the roofs for the relief from night discomfort and congestion that they can afford to large numbers. That this distress is real among the well-to-do as well as among the poor is shown by the following

item from the *New York Sun* of recent date! "The odd sight was seen last night of sleepers in pajamas lying on the lawns in Central Park by the hundreds and no policeman to say them nay. Some of the pajama-clad army made for the park in cabs and coaches carrying pillows with them. Recreation piers were studded with human beings as a cushion is studded with pins."

Let us glance for a moment at the city's roof resources. On a very conservative estimate one-tenth of the population, about 300,000 people, could find sleeping accommodation on New York city roofs, for ten weeks of the summer, not to say longer. That would amount to one week each for three million people, practically every man, woman and child, if the privilege were equally distributed. Compared with such a boon all the fresh-air outings provided by philanthropy are a drop in the bucket. It would amount to 500 times as many cool, refreshing nights as are provided by the activities of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

It surely is needless in these days to argue about the benefit that would result by exchanging the hot, foul, dust and germ-laden air of the tenements for a cool, clean, quiet roof where even the noises of the street are hushed and where the sunsets and the stars can work their soothing influences. "Take up your bed and walk to the roof," is all the medical advice needed to check the decline and breakdown of many a pale, listless city dweller.

The malnutrition of many school children is indisputable, but it is generally due not to lack of food, but to lack of a normal appetite and a sound digestion, both of which have been impaired by sleep that is sufficient neither in amount nor quality.

Of course there are difficulties to be surmounted under present conditions by those who would sleep on the roof. In many houses and even tenements, the only access is up a ladder and through a scuttle two feet square. A parapet to prevent people from walking or rolling off is generally lacking. Points of attachment for supporting an awning or tent in case of rain are hard to find. The question of privacy and of safety from thieves must be considered. But all these difficulties can and must be overcome in order that this great boon—God's fresh air that blows over the city as well as over the country—may be enjoyed to the full.

A readily accessible roof that can stand wear and which is protected by a wall or iron fence should be required by law as a *sine qua non* of every tenement and apartment house. This would put a safe, clean breathing spot within the reach of every mother, "little mother," and babe, without the crossing of a street.

The roofs of the cities are undiscovered countries. In spite of incredulous smiles and friendly warnings, the writer has been forming a delightful acquaintance with this country for some weeks. By a little diplomacy he secured a permit to enter it. At a cost so trifling that he is ashamed to tell it, he put together a shack ten feet by eleven, made out of rough second-hand scantling and second-

hand canvas. Within, is a cot for himself and one for his chum, a sixteen-year-old boy, whose dreary summer in the city has been turned into a picnic "on the mountain." A dry goods box with the front knocked out serves as table and dresser, and conceals the steamer trunk which holds all their belongings. They make no use of the building except the bathroom. The roof is of brick and they have not driven a nail anywhere into the building. The shack, which was put together in a few hours, is kept in place by the weight of the frame, which is also wedged against the surrounding parapet and tied to the fire escape. It is protected on the east from the wind and from the morning sun by a large water tank. They have passed through fierce winds, thunder, and rain without the least discomfort or fear. Whatever the weather, at least two sides of the shack have been kept open all the time. They are not discovered by flies or mosquitoes, and sleep as late as business will permit.

From their nine-story perch on Fifty-sixth street a daily scanning of the horizon as far as Forty-second street, and from Broadway to the Hudson, has failed to reveal any roof dwellers beside themselves. The nearest exception, and that a brilliant one, is furnished by the roof garden of the Hotel Astor, but that is abandoned just at the time when it is most quiet and refreshing. Here and there at long intervals signs of wash-day activities can be seen. On two or three evenings when people were dropping on the hot asphalt pavements, a few families sat on the roof for an hour. The roof dwellers have also reason to record at least one case of courting on the roof.

As a further hot weather suggestion the writer would call attention to a home-made sanitary crib, designed originally for his own family. It is on the principle of open plumbing. The usual mattress, a hot and unwholesome thing, is dispensed with, and the ordinary cot frame is fitted up as follows:—

Eight-inch boards an inch thick and thirty inches long are fitted at the head and foot of the crib. A strip of canvas with a three-inch hem on each side takes the place of a mattress, and is held in position by two poles or broomsticks which run through the hemmed edges and into holes bored at the upper corners of the head and foot boards, thus locking them into a solid frame. Over the canvas may be placed a rubber sheet, quilted pad and an ordinary sheet, and the bed is ready. The air in circulating beneath the canvas makes it cooler than the usual mattress, and if soiled the canvas can be slipped off, washed and replaced with the greatest ease.

The use of this cot was suggested to the staff in charge of Junior Sea Breeze, the summer camp for sick babies at 64th street and East river, maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. After a test it was adopted for all the sixty-five cots, and it has met with enthusiastic approval. With slight modification this crib can be used for camping out. Grocery boxes or ordinary carpenters' horses can provide supports for the poles without the use of a crib frame, and the cost is a very insignificant item.



## THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

THE week's record is one of large audiences, keen interest, and much appreciation. There are no exciting incidents to report, but the messages of our missionaries testify to a steady interest in the work which is most valuable. As the close of the season approaches, attention is being given to those places where it is just possible some of the local societies may be able to undertake winter work. In accordance with a suggestion from the London District Society, arrangements are being made to bring the London Van to Hounslow for a further mission, instead of visiting Reigate and Redhill. In connection with the Midlands tour a twelve days' open-air mission begins next week at Burslem, the services being conducted by ministers in the district of the South Cheshire Association. A meeting is to be held in South Wales to discuss methods for following up the remarkable success of the Mission, and in this connection a suggestion has come from one who is entitled to express an opinion that it would be a good thing to send the four Vans to Wales next year with a view to that revival which he believes they could bring about! Requests for Vans are already reaching us for next year, and the problem for the committee will be, not how to find employment for the Vans, but how to deal with a situation which requires a dozen vans at least.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge a Sunday-school collection for the Mission from Crewe, following an address from the Rev. H. F. Short on his experiences as missionary. From the same town also there are a number of members for the Van Mission League, and we commend the example of Crewe to other places where the Vans have come either in this season or in earlier ones, or whose ministers have taken part in the good work.

A paragraph was copied from the *Falkirk Herald* last week in regard to Mr. Russell's application for permission to hold meetings at Denny Cross. The same paper, reminding its readers this week that the application was refused "on the ground that the crowds would probably be too large," says that at a meeting of the Town Council Mr. Russell "renewed his application, undertaking to remove immediately if the police considered any obstruction was being caused. In view of this undertaking, it was resolved to grant the application, but the lecturer apparently finds his audience at the Public Park sufficiently satisfactory, as he has not meantime availed himself of the permission."

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The meetings at Slough were brought to a successful termination under the leadership of Rev. J. M. Whiteman, who writes that the enthusiasm throughout, and especially at question-time, was extraordinary. Several young men accompanied the missionaries to their day quarters a mile away after the meetings and remained discussing until a late hour. They ordered copies of books, and promised to support a movement if one could be commenced. The cold and rain caused the attendances to be rather smaller than in the previous week, and the Monday meeting had to be abandoned, but there can only be one opinion as to the impression which has been produced among

a most thoughtful class of hearers. The prospects of open-air work at Henley-on-Thames did not seem over-bright, and, had the distance from Slough not been so great, it would probably have been decided to push on to Reading. Rain prevented anything being done on the evening of arrival, but afterwards good meetings were held, despite the pronounced orthodoxy of the town. Rev. H. B. Smith, who was missionary, says that our ideas were evidently quite new to the people, but they gained sympathy, and the Sunday meeting was large enough to show that some effect had been produced. Many questions were put by one of the local curates, who resented the advent of the Van, and complained that it was a hardship that the Mission should come to disturb the minds of "his" people. The complaint is a frequent one, of course, from those who have been accustomed to undisputed possession. The obvious reply is that the foundation cannot be securely laid if a couple of addresses is sufficient to disturb it. The Mission, however, is usually able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of its audience that, whatever the effect upon particular teachings, its influence is all to the good in the behalf of a rational Christianity which is specially operative against the indifference and anti-Christianity of the streets. The Van is now at Reading, and moves to Basingstoke on Monday.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—There was a great improvement at Walsall, when the site of the meetings was changed to Bradford Place. A hearty service on Sunday, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the attitude and earnestness of the audiences left little to be desired. The Monday meeting was lost through rain. Rev. William C. Hall writes that the last meeting was enthusiastic, and conclusive proof that the Mission has made a distinct impression in Walsall. Rev. P. E. Richards, who, with Mrs. Richards and members of the congregation, has given splendid support, says that the meetings have added greatly to the prestige of his church. Several persons attended his services on the Sunday, and one enrolled himself as a member. The singing was hearty, and the final remarks of Mr. Richards were received with manifest approval. The Coseley friends helped the Mission very considerably in the Gornal Wood meetings, and were anxious that the Van should be brought into their own neighbourhood, if only for a few evenings. Mr. Talbot accordingly arranged to spend the remainder of the week at Roseville, Coseley, and a series of most encouraging gatherings was the result. Rev. T. A. Gorton was the missionary, and on two evenings he had the assistance of Rev. F. Summers, who was staying in the neighbourhood, while on the Saturday and Sunday Rev. W. G. Topping came over to lend a hand. Mr. Green took the chair one night and assisted in many ways in making the meeting a success. It was too wet the first night to use the harmonium, the rain falling continuously from four o'clock until midnight. The choir, however, sang without the instrument, and at the other meetings, with Miss Aston at the harmonium, sang anthems. All sorts of good things are mentioned in the reports.

There were capital addresses by the ministers; crowds of friends visited the Van, over a hundred one night, including a Baptist minister, who was interested and sympathetic; there was much kindness shown to the missionaries, and the local friends were enthusiastic. Rev. T. A. Gorton conducted service at the Old Meeting. This week there are meetings at West Bromwich and Oldbury.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—Although the weather has been trying on two or three occasions, and the nights too cold to permit of many people remaining at the meetings, there have been first-class attendances, and much good work has been done. Rev. Alfred Amey continued his successful meetings at Tonypany, and went forward to Pontypridd, where Rev. A. Golland came into his turn as missionary. Rev. J. Park Davies acted as chairman, and members of the congregation assisted. Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis were particularly active, and led the musical portions of the services. Mr. Lewis also acted as chairman at one meeting. On the opening night rain fell during the whole of the meeting, which was attended by an audience of 300. Mr. Amey, in his report, alludes to the coming of a Conservative Van to Tonypany, and the effort of its conductors to prevent the Unitarian meeting. A gramophone was used, and the vans standing within a few yards of each other, progress was for a time impossible, until Mr. Barnes brought his mechanical organ into action, which, proving more effective than the gramophone or the orator, the Mission meeting was allowed to proceed. Rev. J. Wain has an interesting note in regard to the Treorchy meetings. He believes the Welsh people would come to us in large numbers if we could clear away the prejudice and misunderstanding which have been circulated and are deep rooted. "The Van is splendidly doing this work, and I do not think that the hundreds who listened to the addresses will ever again refer to our place of worship as the 'Christless Church.' " The Van is now engaged in a fortnight's work in the Merthyr district, and, after leaving Dowlais on the 23rd, it will have only two more engagements to fulfil before the end of the season.

## DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Slough, August 31 to September 2, two meetings; attendance, 575. Henley-on-Thames, September 3 to 6, three meetings; 1,000.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Walsall, August 31 to September 2, two meetings; attendance, 1,000. Coseley, September 3 to 6, four meetings; 2,030.

SCOTLAND.—August 31, Bonnybridge; attendance, 250. Denny, September 1 to 5, four meetings; 1,860. Stenhousemuir, September 6, 800.

SOUTH WALES.—Tonypany, August 31 to September 2, three meetings; attendance, 1,400. Pontypridd, September 3 to 6, four meetings; 2,650.

TOTALS.—August 31 to September 6, 24 meetings; attendance, 11,565; average, 482. THOS. P. SPEDDING.

## SCOTTISH VAN.

My last meeting at Bonnybridge was held on Monday, August 31. A nasty,



drizzling rain was falling, but I spoke for fifty minutes to about 250 people. On Tuesday, September 1, I came to Denny. The Public Park, where my meetings are held, is not so conveniently situated as I should like. The district is full of Roman Catholics, and the boys and girls are rude at times; but, on the whole, the meetings have been most successful, the audience ranging from 400 to 600.

On Sunday I preached twice in Glasgow, then left by the 4 p.m. train for Falkirk, found a cab waiting for me there, and drove to the Tryst Ground at Stenhousemuir, where, though it was raining, I spoke for seventy-five minutes to nearly 800 people. There was something like a fair on the ground. The shows were not open, but the fruit and the refreshment stalls were busy. Had it been fine, I believe many thousands of people would have been present.

E. T. RUSSELL.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

**Dundee.**—A social meeting of the Unitarian Christian Church was held on Tuesday evening. After tea, the Rev. H. Williamson, in the course of his address offered a cordial welcome to Dr. J. K. Wood and his wife on the occasion of their marriage and return to Dundee.

**Leicester: Free Christian Church (Resignation).**—The Rev. Gertrud von Petzold, M.A., has resigned the pulpit, and will terminate her ministry at the end of the present month. At a meeting of the congregation held on the 7th inst. a resolution was passed accepting the resignation with regret, and conveying to Miss von Petzold the grateful thanks of the congregation and "high appreciation of her earnest and zealous labours during her ministry of four years amongst them, also their hearty wishes for her future success in the new sphere of labour to which she is called in the United States."

**Liverpool: Hope-street.**—The September Calendar reports as follows under the heading "Hope-street Undenominational Schools." The annual prize-giving of these schools took place on Monday morning, Aug. 31. Owing to the fact that a presentation from the teachers and children of both schools was to be made to Mr. Cooper, the three departments of the school were collected in the girls' room. After the distribution, the Rev. H. D. Roberts, Chairman of the Managers, on behalf of teachers and scholars, presented to Mr. Cooper a beautiful artist's proof picture, as a token of their appreciation of his long and faithful service. Mr. Cooper replied in a buoyant and interesting speech, showing by reminiscences the development of schools and school management from older styles to modern. He dwelt upon the general improvement in school buildings and equipments, and spoke in high praise of the qualities of the present staff. He looked forward with confidence to an even greater efficiency and success with the coming of the new Head Master. Miss O. M. Rawlins, speaking for Miss Florence Melly and herself as managers, added a few words of appreciation, encouragement, and hope. Mr. Lewis T. Lewis, B.A., Mr. Cooper's successor, was then called upon to speak to the schools. His straightforward method of addressing the boys won their keen and alert attention. The Chairman, on behalf of the managers, publicly thanked Mr. Clark and the other masters and mistresses of the boys' department for their unremitting and efficient labours in the school during Mr. Cooper's long enforced absence. Bringing the proceedings to a close, the scholars sang with much spirit and feeling the "Hymn of the City."

**Lydgate (Welcome Meeting).**—The Rev. Lucking Tavenor received a cordial welcome as minister of Lydgate Chapel on Saturday evening. The late minister, the Rev. J. H. Green, presided after tea, and among the letters received

was a cordial one from the Vicar of Newmill, and another from a neighbouring Primitive Methodist Minister. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association was represented by the Rev. T. P. Spedding. Speeches of hearty welcome were made by Mr. W. Heeley, on behalf of the congregation, Mr. H. Charlesworth on behalf of the Sunday-school, and Mr. Grosvenor Talbot on behalf of the Trustees. Mr. T. Stanley spoke on behalf of the Wooldale Free Church, and Mr. Jonas Hobson of the Wesleyan Church. The Rev. John Ellis joining in the welcome said, he regarded Lydgate as one of the most living and flourishing of the Unitarian churches in Yorkshire. There was abundance of young life. He knew Mr. Tavenor to be a man who had had a long and rich experience of life among the people, and he believed he would have a useful and honourable career at Lydgate. Dr. Thackray, of Huddersfield, and the Rev. W. Mellor also joined in the welcome. Mr. Tavenor gratefully acknowledged the warm welcome he had received. There seemed, he said, to be an air of liberty about. He had already been invited to preach at the Free Church, and to give a lecture at the Adult School, Wooldale. He would try and do his best, and to be a help in the neighbourhood as well. He was especially delighted with the welcome from the Sunday-school, where he felt Mr. Green's work and influence must have been deep and even wonderful. He found thirty-two young people over sixteen years of age in the school last Sunday afternoon. It had been mentioned that he had the artistic temperament. Well, he believed that everyone should be an artist in life, working out, moulding, and developing everything that was good and worthy in ourselves. The meeting was concluded with the usual votes of thanks, a hymn, and Benediction.

**Rhondda Valley (Appointment).**—The Rev. E. R. Dennis, late student of Carmarthen Presbyterian College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to become the minister of the joint Churches of Pentre and Clydach Vale. Mr. Dennis was brought up among the Congregationalists, and is reported of as a very successful student and an able preacher while he brings with him from College excellent testimonials as to character and ability. It is therefore hoped that his ministry will inaugurate a new period of prosperity for these deserving churches.

**Richmond.**—Sir R. K. Wilson asks us to note, to save inconvenience to correspondents and congregation, that he has not been secretary of the Ormond Road Church since April last. The present secretary is Mr. G. H. Edwards, The Priory, Bedford Park, W.

**Wakefield (Resignation).**—Greatly to the sorrow and regret of the Westgate congregation, the Rev. Andrew Chalmers feels it necessary to bring his long ministry to a close on account of indifferent health. He gave notice of his intention about three months since, but for a time no steps were taken to appoint his successor, as it was hoped that he would reconsider his decision. He is, however, still desirous of being relieved of work and responsibility, and has fixed the second Sunday in January next for his retirement. This is the date of the annual distribution of prizes to the Sunday-school scholars, and there is a general wish that his farewell should be associated with this pleasing function, and with a New Year's festivity for the children. At a meeting of the congregation, held recently, a resolution was passed to the effect that his resignation was accepted with extreme reluctance, and only in view of its being clearly

irrevocable. This severance will be painful to young and old, but especially to those who have known no other minister at the chapel, for, during the twenty-eight years of his pastorate, they have become united to him by binding ties of the closest and most permanent nature. A selection committee has been chosen by the congregation, and this, conjoined with the local trustees, is about to undertake the task of choosing his successor.

THE Kingdom of Heaven and the means to attain it; the ideal and the dynamic—that is the whole Gospel.—George Tyrrell.

THE wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life—that He would at length so fill me with His breath that I should think only His thoughts, and live His life, finding therein my own life, only glorified infinitely. What should we poor humans do without our God's nights and mornings?—George MacDonald.

## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, September 13.

### LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. ARTHUR HURN.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, W. J. JUPP.  
 Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.  
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Mr. CHANCELLOR, "How to Win Life's Battles."  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.  
 Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.  
 Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.  
 Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPFS.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. J. HIPPERSON; 6.30, Mr. E. A. CARLIER.

**DELICIOUS COFFEE.**

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner.**

**SUGAR TAX.**

IN consequence of the reduction, we have restored our packets of BUTTER-SCOTCH to the size they were before the Tax was imposed, namely: 15 Tablets in the 6d. Packets. 7 " " 3d. "

The Confectioners are now supplied

*Callard & Bowser*



Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.  
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.  
 Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A. No evening service.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. E. NOEL; 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.  
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.  
 BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.  
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.  
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Mr. DELTA EVANS.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50, Rev. J. H. SMITH.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JANKIN EVANS.  
 DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.  
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.  
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.  
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. JOHN ELLIS, "The Church and Social Problems."  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45, Rev. H. MACLACHLAN, M.A.; and 6.30.  
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.  
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, D.D. of Arlington-street Church, Boston, U.S.A.  
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30.  
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30.  
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVERS.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON.  
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.  
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A., of Sneyd and Dean Row.  
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11 and 6.30.  
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.  
 WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

# A. I. WRIGHT (TREADWELL & WRIGHT).

ESTABLISHED 1845.

33, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

The Shorthand Writer appointed by the Court in Public and Private Examinations under the Companies Acts. One of the Official Shorthand Writers to the Court of Bankruptcy.

**Shorthand and Typewriting** anywhere, at any time, of any kind, in any quantity.  
**COMPETENT MEN are available at short notice for TEMPORARY or OCCASIONAL SECRETARIAL or OFFICE WORK.**

Country Orders for Typewriting despatched same night if required.  
 Telephone No. 4865 Central.

## GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFOETH.

## BIRTHS.

SCHROEDER.—On September 5, at Rosthwaite, Skirecoat, Halifax, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Lawrence Schroeder, a son.

## MARRIAGE.

NEW—HEATON.—On September 3, at St. George's, Edgbaston, Birmingham, by the Rev. A. E. Heaton, Curate of Holy Trinity, Birchfield, Birmingham, assisted by the Rev. A. R. Runnells-Moss, Vicar of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham, Thomas Gladstone, son of Herbert New, of 4, Arthur-road, Edgbaston, to Ursula Kathleen Margaret, elder daughter of Ralph Heaton, of 58, Calthorpe-road, Edgbaston.

## DEATHS.

BROWN.—On September 8, at "Hildebert," Parkstone, Dorset, Eliza Brown, late of Bridport, aged 89.  
 DALE.—On September 8, Harriett, wife of C. H. Dale, of 20, West-street, Southfields, Leicester.  
 ERRINGTON.—On September 3, at 3, Mistletoe-road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Vincent Errington, aged 78.  
 FRANKLAND.—On September 2, Walter Crook Frankland, of 20, Hartington-road, Bolton, aged 61.

## Situations. VACANT AND WANTED.

### TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

**KYNOC LIMITED** have **VACANCIES** in their Commercial Department for a few **YOUNG GENTLEMEN** of good Education and Manners. No Premium required. Term of Indentures four years.—Apply by letter only to the Secretary, Kynoch Limited, Witton, Birmingham.

**WANTED** by an experienced Young Lady, holding the Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union, a post as **KINDERGARTEN FIRST or SECOND FORM MISTRESS** in a School, or as **GOVERNESS** in a Family.—S., 14, Montrell-road, Streatham-hill, S.W.

**£30** with £1 a year rise to £36. Near Liverpool. **WANTED**, excellent **COOK** to do work of house for two, with help of boy. Economical, abstainer, Write, "R. 14," c/o LEE & NIGHTINGALE'S Advertising Offices, Liverpool.

**YOUNG LADY**, Unitarian, desires engagement as Companion; is willing to assist, being thoroughly domesticated. Reference, Ministers.—Address, Miss OAKES, 37, Moorland-road, Woods Moor, Stockport.

**WANTED**, Young Lady as House-keeper under Lady Superintendent at Open-air Sanatorium for Gentlefolk.—Write, stating experience, salary required, &c., to Mrs. WATERS, Crooksbury Sanatorium, Farnham.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

After this date my address will be 9, Marston Ferry-road, Oxford.  
 September 5, 1908. J. EDWIN ODGERS.

## Board and Residence.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—Elvaston, West Cliff, BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT. Unrivalled position on sea front, close to the High-cliffe Hotel. 50 rooms. Full-sized billiard tables. Lovely grounds, with access to Cliff Promenade. Due south. Near Unitarian Church. Illustrated Tariff.—Apply, Mrs. and Mr. POOOCK.

**ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.**—"Cranstock," 59, Warrior-square. First-class BOARD and RESIDENCE; most comfortable throughout. Sea View, excellent cuisine billiard and smoke room, sanitary certificate.—Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY P. POTTER.

**NEWQUAY, CORNWALL—APARTMENTS**, or would Let Furnished. Reduced terms for winter months. Sea view.—Mrs. VICKERS, Hazel Mount, Bay View Terrace.

**SEAFOED, SUSSEX.**—Furnished Apartments facing the sea; highly recommended; moderate terms.  
 Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN, 5, Claremont-terrace.

**BOARD, LODGING, and SITTING-BROOM** can be had in Kendal, at 3s. per day. Adjacent to moors, lakes, mountains, and sea. For recommended addresses write, Rev. H. V. MILLS, Kendal.

## LONDON.

**BOARD RESIDENCE, 5, CRAVEN-ROAD, BAYSWATER.**  
 Close to Paddington station, Central Tube and Metropolitan, Queen's-road; Whiteley's, Owen's, and West End Theatres.  
 Terms: 31s. 6d. single; double, 63s.  
 MARY WATSON, Proprietor.

**LADY'S** well furnished House to Let from end of September, for six months. Two sitting-rooms, four bedrooms, box-room, bath h. & c. Five minutes from sea. Beautiful coast. Very moderate rent to careful tenant.—A. CLEEVE, Seaton, Devon.

**"THE UNITARIAN MONTHLY."**—Magazine for Unitarian Propaganda. Adopted by churches with or without local page. Issued for last Sunday in each previous month. One copy post free, 1½d.—1s. 6d. a year; 9d. per dozen; 3s. 6d. per 100; extra charge local page.—Address to EDITOR, The Parsonage, Mottram, Manchester.


## The Grape-Vine on the Table.

The healthiest and most refreshing drink for young and old is pure grape juice, unfermented and unadulterated. Coming direct from the vineyards of Sunny Spain.

# Mostelle

is an ideal NON-ALCOHOLIC beverage, delighting both abstainers and non-abstainers.

12/- dozen small bottles } Red or White.  
 18/- " large " } 2 dozen carriage pail.

 A SAMPLE BOTTLE and Descriptive Booklet post free for 1/-.

**THE GRAPE JUICE CO., Ltd.**  
 (Dept. E.), 7, Great Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.



**THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1908 MODEL.**

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

**They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each**

**2/6**

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive:—"Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."



**THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN** is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

**This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each**

**5/6**

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers.

**THE RED LION MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,**  
and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

**Schools, etc.****CHANNING HOUSE HIGH SCHOOL**

AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. *Head Mistress:* Miss LILIAN TALBOT, B.A. Honours Lond. Preparation for London Matriculation, Trinity College, and Associated Board of Musicians. Healthysituation, Hockey, Cricket, and Swimming. Special terms for daughters of Unitarian ministers. Apply to the HEAD MISTRESS.

NEXT TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 19.

**LETCHWORTH SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH, HERTS.**

SCHOOL FOR BOYS, from six years upwards. Bracing air. Thorough all round, unsectarian education, without break, fitting for professional or other careers. Special regard to health and physical development. Delicate boys properly cared for.

Principal,—J. H. N. Stephenson, M.A.

**WAVERLEY SCHOOL, SHERWOOD RISE, NOTTINGHAM.**

Head Master, Mr. H. T. FACON, B.A. Limited number of BOARDERS received. Home influence. Modern methods. Private playing field opposite school. Special Terms for sons of Ministers. References. Telephone 55 X4. Next Term begins Thursday, September 17.

**SOMERVILLE SCHOOL ABERYSTWYTH.**

Facing sea. Thorough modern education for Girls in all branches. Excellent results in Music and Art Examinations; Matriculation, and Cambridge Higher Local. Special course for delicate Girls. Gymnasium, Swimming, Tennis, Hockey.

PRINCIPAL ... MISS MARLES-THOMAS.

**THACKERAY HOTEL**

(TEMPERANCE), GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON. Opposite the British Museum.

FIREPROOF FLOORS. PERFECT SANITATION. TELEPHONE. NIGHT PORTER.

This large and well-appointed TEMPERANCE HOTEL has Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout. Bathrooms on every Floor; Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout. **Bedrooms** (including attendance) from 3s. 6d. to 6s. Full Tariff and Testimonials on application. Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Dinner, from 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per day.

Telegraphic Address: "Thackeray," London.

**EATON'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 22, Guilford Street, Russell Square, LONDON.**

Facing the Gardens of the Foundling Institution.

Central. Homelike. Beds from 1s. 6d. Breakfast and Tea from 1s. Patronized repeatedly by many visitors during the 30 years of its existence.

**AM I RIGHT?**

I take it that you require your MS. to be neatly and clearly typed on a good paper and by a competent operator, for which service you are prepared to pay a reasonable price? Am I right? If so, write or 'phone for my terms at once. I guarantee satisfaction.

**C. HERBERT CÉSAR,**  
Homefield, Woodstock Road, St. Albans.

LATE OF

10, Grange Road, Canonbury, London, N.

**TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND, TRANSLATING.** Authors' MSS. accurately copied at reasonable rates. Special quotations for quantities. First-class work guaranteed. Evening and Secretarial work undertaken with Machine; also typing on machine direct from dictation. **SERMONS A SPECIALITY.**—Miss E. L. STENT, 68, Aldersgate-street, E.C., and 33, Crouch Hall-road, N.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Young Lady, expert steno-typist, and highly recommended for literary work, undertakes Typewriting. Special care taken with author's MSS., and absolute accuracy guaranteed. 9d. per 1,000 words; with carbon copy, 1s. per 1,000. Specimen of work submitted.—Miss ARCHER, 14, St. Andrew's-chambers, Wells-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

**TYPEWRITING.**

*What Clients say of my work:—*

"Thoroughly satisfied."  
"Prompt attention and excellent work."  
"Typing all right and very nicely done."  
"Careful typing."

Please write for my terms at once.

**Miss M. HOEY,**

2, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, London, N.W.

**BRASS PLATES**

*Of Every Description*

Made by **WALTER BOWLES,**  
20, AIR STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

DESIGNER and Heraldic Engraver on Gold, Silver, and Ivory. Letter cases mounted with Arms, Crests, and Monograms. Rubber Stamps of every description, Pads, Inks, &c.

Send for quotations.

Established 1888.

**TYPEWRITING**

Executed at reasonable prices. Specimens of work submitted.

Special Terms for quantities.

Send for price list.

**MISS MAY BURTON,**  
118, Cleveland Street, London, W.

Established in 1866.

**JOSEPH TEBBUTT,**

Transfer and Commission Agent,

71, OXFORD ROAD, LONDON, W.

Send for particulars of Businesses for sale, from £20 to £1,000. London and Country.—Advice free.

**THE SIMPLE LIFE HOME** (Sea View), 3, ALBANY ROAD, SOUTHPORT. **PRESS OPINIONS.**

*Sheffield Telegraph:* "Imagine a house spaciouly built and furnished with just those things which are needful for health, comfort, and the refinements of existence. Throughout simplicity and exquisite taste."  
*Manchester City News:* "Health and comfort carefully considered."

*Millgate Monthly:* "Refinement, and the best in art and literature, make it an ideal house. We were amazed at the variety of food."

Send to WARREN for Prospectus.

**E. Norman Reed & Co.,**

Artists  
in  
Stained  
&  
Leaded  
Glass.

Memorial  
Windows.

Mosaics.

**Church Decorators.**

13, Lisle Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Under the direction of Geo. G. LAIDLER.

**LINEN** direct from Ireland, and money returned if unsatisfactory. Fine ladies' linen handkerchiefs, 2/6 dozen; gentlemen's, 3/9. Patterns of these and other bargains post free.—HUTTON'S, 5, Larne, Ireland

**19TH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY, ADELAIDE-PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.**

Assets, £167,000.

**DIRECTORS.**

*Chairman*—Sir H. W. LAWRENCE, Bart., J.P.  
*Deputy-Chairman*—MARK H. JUDGE, A.R.I.B.A.  
Miss CECIL GRADWELL, | ALEXANDER W. LAW-  
F. H. A. HARDCASTLE, | RENCE.  
F.S.I. | Miss ORME.

STEPHEN SEAWARD TAYLER.

A SOUND AND READY MEANS OF INVESTMENT.

PREFERENCE SHARES of £10 each now being issued at 4 per cent. Interest free of Income Tax.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AT 3 AND 3½ PER CENT. Interest free of Income Tax.

ADVANCES made to buy or build your own house.

Repayments, Survey Fees, and Law Charges low. Prospectus free.

CHARLES A. PRICE, Manager.

**Terms for Advertisements.**

Advertisements for THE INQUIRER should be addressed to the PUBLISHER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY, to appear the same week. The scale of charges is as follows:—

as follows:—				£	s.	d.
PER PAGE	...	...	...	6	0	0
HALF-PAGE	...	...	...	3	0	0
PER COLUMN...	...	...	...	2	0	0
INCH IN COLUMN	...	...	...	0	3	6

Special Terms for a Series.

Calendar Notices, 10s. per year, 2 lines.

Births, Marriages, Deaths, 6d. per line. Minimum charge,

Situations Vacant and Wanted,

20 words, 1s.; every 6 words after, 4d.

3 insertions charged as 2.

All payments in respect to THE INQUIRER to be made to E. KENNEDY, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C. The entire remittance should accompany all orders to insert Advertisements.

Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by E. KENNEDY, at the Office, 3, Essex-street Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agent, JOHN HEYWOOD, 20 to 26, Lambs Conduit-street, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale), JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday, September 12, 1908.